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POETRY.

MY VIOLET,	450	TWILIGHT,	450
JAMES SPEDDING,	450	A LOVE'S LIFE,	450
GENTLE INFLUENCES,	450		

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MY VIOLET.

WHEN violets blue begin to blow
 Among the mosses fresh and green,
 That grow the woodbine roots between,
 I take my Violet out, and, oh!
 Those cunning violets seem to know
 A sweeter than themselves is nigh;
 They greet her with a beaming eye,
 And brighten where her footsteps go.

When summer glories light the glade
 With gloss of green and gleam of gold,
 And sunny sheens in wood and wold,
 She loves to linger in the shade;
 And such sweet light surrounds the maid,
 That, somehow, it is fairer far
 Where she and those dim shadows are,
 Than where the sunbeams are displayed.

When every tree relinquisheth
 Its garb of green for sombre brown,
 And all the leaves are falling down,
 While breezes blow with angry breath,
 With gentle pitying voice she saith,
 "Poor leaves! I wish you would not die;"
 And at the sound they peaceful lie,
 And wear a pleasant calm in death.

When winter frosts hold land and sea,
 And barren want and bleaker wind
 Leave every thought of good behind,
 I look upon my love, and she
 From thrall of winter sets me free;
 And with a sense of perfect rest
 I lay my head upon her breast,
 And twenty summers shine for me.
 J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

Golden Hours.

JAMES SPEDDING.

FAREWELL, benignant spirit, mild and wise,
 That wert like some still lake among the hills
 Of thy fair home ancestral, fed by rills
 That stir unseen its deep translucencies.
 Beneath the patient gaze of those calm eyes
 The inveterate crust of errors and of ills
 That clings around the past, and clinging kills,
 Fell off, and earth through thee had fewer lies.

To serve one honored shade thy life was planned,
 Riches past by, the noise of fame unheard;
 For this, and for much else, we well may dare
 To rank thee with the royal-hearted band
 Upon whose brows is writ the undying word,
*Not hate but love this soul was born to share.**
 Fraser's Magazine. ERNEST MYERS.

* οὐτοῖ συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφίλειν εἶναι.
Antigone.

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

VIOLETS, in the leafiest shade,
 By their odors are betrayed;
 Soft winds, over flower-fields blown,
 By their fragrant breath are known;
 Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
 Wets unseen earth's slumbering breast;
 Rills, from out the bleak hillside,
 Swell to rivers, deep and wide;
 Rivers, flowing fast and free,
 Widen to the boundless sea;
 All great things that move the earth,
 To gentle issues owe their birth;
 And soft influence still is best,
 Bringing comfort, love, and rest.
 Sweet domestic love is strong—
 Leads to right, and warns from wrong;
 Kindly whispers mightier prove,
 And to loftier action move,
 Than the fretful voice of scorn,
 Of contempt and anger born.

Chambers' Journal.

TWILIGHT.

Now tender twilight lays a cooling palm,
 In gentlest blessing, on Earth's fevered brow,
 Soothing her into silence, — save for low,
 Sweet warblings, rippling o'er the utter calm,
 Of birds, outpouring their soft evening psalm.
 Still — as some wearied soul, half-dimm'd in death,
 Scarce seeming e'en to breathe, so faint each breath—
 She lies, this Earth. The limpid dew, like balm,
 Falls on her fondly with a mute caress;
 While the low wind 'mid the laburnum strays,
 And with its drooping locks enamor'd plays,
 Parting with ling'ring touch each golden tress,
 As loth to leave it in its loveliness, —
 And all things wait the night, which still delays.

Spectator.

ZOE.

A LOVE'S LIFE.

'Twas spring-time of the day and year;
 Clouds of white fragrance hid the thorn;
 My heart unto her heart drew near,
 And, ere the dew had fled the morn,
 Sweet Love was born.

An August noon, an hour of bliss
 That stands amid my hours alone,
 A word, a look, then — ah, that kiss!
 Joy's veil was rent, her secret known,
 Love was full grown.

And now, this drear November eve,
 What has to-day seen done, heard said?
 It boots not: who has tears to grieve
 For that last leaf yon tree has shed,
 Or for Love dead?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
THE RISE OF THE HUGUENOTS.*

IF the deeply interesting history of the rise and decline of French Protestantism be not rightly understood at the present day, assuredly it will not be owing to any want of adequate materials for the task. During the last half-century an enormous flood of light has been poured upon a period that was already rich in such elaborate histories as those of De Thou and La Place, of Agrippa d'Aubigné and Crespin, of La Planché and De Bèze. The whole collection of "*Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France*," in which Claude Haton's "*Mémoires*" are published, comprises many quartos such as the entire correspondence of Henry IV. and the portfolios of De l'Aubespine and of Cardinal Granvelle, which are of priceless importance to the student of this epoch. Hardly inferior in value to these are the reports of the ambassadors of Venice, Spain, England, and the pope at the court of France to their respective governments. Private enterprise has vied with national endeavor, and the "*Bulletins*" of the Société de l'Histoire de Protestantisme Française, the "*Archives Curieuses*" of Cimper and Danjou, as well as the works of Haag, Bonnet, Herminjard, and the latest editors of Calvin, evince an amount of patient and laborious research for a fuller conception of which we must refer our readers to the preface and ample notes of Professor Baird's volumes. Of the use which Mr. Baird has made of such ample resources we can speak in terms of high commendation. If his work

is written rather in the spirit of an advocate than in that of a judge; if on every page his innate and irrepressible sympathy with liberty of thought in its struggle against repression, with political freedom as opposed to despotism, with the Reformers rather than with the Roman Catholics, is open and undisguised, — he at least gives abundant authority in support of almost every position he advances, and the ablest of those who may be disposed to combat his conclusions will find in his candor and unsparing research a foeman who is worthy of their steel. Without adopting all Professor Baird's decisions, it is with unfeigned diffidence we venture to differ at times from a writer whose indefatigable labor and literary ability as displayed in the work before us entitle him to an honorable place on the roll of American historians.

How difficult the task must be to exercise an unbiassed judgment, and to follow up the true thread of the narrative through the mass of contradictory and conflicting testimony supplied by contemporary authorities, is well illustrated by two of the works named at the head of this article. Throughout a thousand quarto pages Claude Haton has never a kindly word to say for the Huguenots, nor a breath of remonstrance for any of the cruelties inflicted on them which he records. No calumny of them is too monstrous to be believed, no epithet too foul to be applied. In his eyes nothing is wanted to make a Huguenot but to eat meat on fast-days, to abuse, and if possible to plunder, the Church, to sing psalms, and to despise good works. Their pretended religion is to him but a veil for shameless, indiscriminate, and unbounded lust. To Jean Crespin, himself a fugitive for conscience' sake, it is a labor of love to recite the sufferings and dying confessions of the Protestant martyrs as of men who were precious in the sight of God and of his Church. In a few touching words he declares his pains to draw up a trustworthy history, not only from official records, but from the lips of those who were with them, and not unfrequently from fragments written in their last moments, for lack of ink, in their own blood. Yet

* 1. *History of the Rise of the Huguenots*. By HENRY M. BAIRD, Professor in the University of the City of New York. London, 1880.

2. *Mémoires de Claude Haton, contenant le récit des événements accomplis de 1553 à 1582 dans la Champagne et la Brie*. Publiées par F. BOURQUELOT. Paris, 1857.

3. *Histoire des Martyrs persécutés et mis à mort pour la vérité de l'Evangile, etc.* Par JEAN CRESPIN. Genève, 1570.

4. *Histoire des Protestants et des Eglises Réformées du Poitou*. Par AUGUSTE LIEVRE, Pasteur. Paris, 1856-60.

5. *Les premiers Jours du Protestantisme en France depuis son origine jusqu'au premier Synode National de 1559*. Par H. DE TRIQUETTI. Paris, 1859.

6. *A History of the Huguenots of the Dispersion at the Recall of the Edict of Nantes*. By REGINALD LANE POOLE. London, 1880.

those who are not deterred by the prolixity of Haton's diary nor by the portly size of Crespin's volume, if they are happy enough to meet with this rare treasure, will gain so vivid a picture of the time as can hardly be gathered from a modern history. We think few will begin Professor Baird's volumes without eagerly devouring their contents.

When Francis I. succeeded to the throne the power of the French monarchy was almost unlimited. The feudal system had been practically extinguished by his predecessors, and the holders of the great fiefs reduced to subjection. The privileges of the municipal towns lay at the mercy of the sovereign. The rights of the *tiers état* were utterly disregarded. For fifty years the States-General were never once convoked, and the power of the purse was so absolutely at the king's disposal, that when Charles V. asked Francis what revenue certain cities yielded him, his answer was, "Whatever I please." Not only was the royal despotism unrestricted, but it was borne with a submission that appeared spiritless or admirable according to the varying temperament of observant foreigners. The *noblesse* had shrunk from independent rivals of the sovereign into feeble imitators of the vices and extravagance of the court. Trade was held in supreme contempt. The people had been deprived of arms, and the Venetian ambassador declared "they dare not even carry a stick, and are more submissive to their superiors than dogs." Only a few checks, portrayed by Mr. Baird with a skilful hand, in some degree qualified the royal prerogative. The various Parliaments (a term we must be careful not to confound with its modern English sense), the university, and the clergy, each exercised an influence that might at times be overborne, but could not be entirely overlooked.

The opening years of the reign of Francis I. were bright with promise. The king was believed to be imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance, and was at least ambitious that his reign should be illustrious in arts and literature as well as in arms. His own education had been very

imperfect; but he was largely influenced by his sister Marguerite, whose superiority in acquirements augmented and maintained the power which their mutual affection gave her, and which she uniformly exerted on the side of enlightenment and mercy. The invitation of eminent men to the court, the foundation of the Collège Royal with its trilingual curriculum of education, the encouragement given to art in every form by the building of St. Germain and Fontainebleau, the pensions bestowed on literary merit, all these seemed to warrant the boundless eulogy which was lavished upon Francis, and to invest the gay monarch with a halo of glory which has faded before the clouds that darkened his later years or vanished under the critical investigations of modern research. Yet one of his first acts proved that Francis was prepared to sacrifice the highest interests of the kingdom to serve his own personal advantage. The liberties of the Gallican Church had been secured by the Pragmatic Sanction, and the nation had been relieved by the same instrument from a crushing burden of tribute to Rome. The measure had been maintained at no small hazard by the immediate predecessor of Francis, the stout-hearted "father of his people," and so Catholic a body as the Parliament of Toulouse had resisted to the utmost its repeal. How needful was its maintenance was made clear by the fact that

in the three years during which it had been virtually set aside (1461-1464) Rome drew from the kingdom not less than 240,000 crowns in payment for Bulls for archbishoprics, bishoprics, and abbays falling vacant within this term, 100,000 for priories and deaneries, and the enormous sum of 2,500,000 crowns for expectatives and dispensations.*

How deadly was the blow it aimed at Romish usurpation was evinced by the determination of Julius II. to deprive Louis XII. for upholding it of his prescriptive title of "Very Christian King." Yet the advantages secured with so much pains were abandoned by the concordat concluded between Francis I. and Leo X. The rights of the Church were sacrificed,

* Baird, i., p. 33.

whilst pope and king divided the spoils. To the remonstrances of prelates and Parliaments Francis deigned but one uniform reply, "You must obey: I am your king."

The condition of the clergy throughout France had long been such as loudly to demand reform, and men who never dreamed of separation from the Church were urgent for a reformation in its head and its members. From no quarter had the demand been made with more ability and urgency than from the University of Paris, whose chancellor, Gerson, and whose rector, Nicolas de Clémangis, had exposed the existing abuses before the Council of Constance with an unsparing hand. Unhappily, the only change which time had wrought was not the removal of the evil, but acquiescence on the part of the university in its continuance. A few touches, supplied in part by the friendly hand of Haton, himself a curé at Provins, will suffice for our purpose.

In proportion as the number of heretics in France increased, the prelates and pastors of the Church grew more indifferent to the discharge of their duties, from the cardinals and archbishops down to the most insignificant curés. They cared not how the common weal prospered, provided that they could only draw the revenues of their benefices at the places they preferred to reside in. They farmed out their livings at the highest possible price, regardless who held them so long as he paid the stipulated rent.

The number of priests was very large in the towns and villages, which caused great competition for cures and priories, and very often the most asinine and stupid fellow (*le plus asne et mécanique*) in the place was vicar. Thus simony was rampant, and the lives of the priests were scandalous. Sword in hand, they were the foremost at dances and gambling, "et es tavernes où ilz ribloient et par les rues toute nuit aultant que les plus meschans du pays." It was vain to look to the leaders of the Church for example or redress when John of Lorraine, the most powerful ecclesiastic in France, held at one and the same time the archbishoprics of Lyons, Rheims, and Narbonne, and the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Thé-

rouanne, Luçon, Alby, and Valence, and the abbeys of Gorze, Fécamp, Clugny, and Marmoutier, to which Leo X. graciously added a cardinal's hat *a year or two before he attained his majority*. Like priest, like people. The times were altogether out of joint. Haton's portrait-ure of the *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie*, making due allowance for the temperament of a *laudator temporis acti*, is drawn in the darkest colors.

The first streak of dawn appeared at the episcopal city of Meaux, where Jacques Lefèvre and Guillaume Farel found an unexpected ally in Briçonnet, the bishop of that see. The new opinions were openly proclaimed in the pulpit of the cathedral, and Briçonnet won over a powerful protector to the cause in the king's sister. Lefèvre devoted himself to the translation of the Scriptures into French, and Francis declared it to be his royal pleasure that his people should hear and read God's word in their own language. Everything seemed to promise success, and the Reformers were exultant, when a storm of monkish and clerical wrath burst forth, and Briçonnet quailed before it and recanted. It is mournful to read that the bishop's own prisons were speedily filled with members of his flock who faithfully obeyed his earlier exhortations that if he should ever abandon the truth they should not follow his example.

We have no space for a chronicle of the rapid changes made henceforward in the constitution of special courts for the suppression of heresy, nor of the vacillating treatment of it by the king, swayed now by his sister, now by the clergy, subsidy in hand, nor of the horrible and barbarous punishments borne with unblanching fortitude by martyrs of every rank, from Jean le Clerc, the wool-carder, to the noble and learned Louis de Berquin. Whilst nothing can palliate the atrocity of such wholesale massacres as those at Cabrières and Mérindol, we must not, in our indignation at the record of suffering and torture endured by the Huguenots, judge the conduct of those in power at that day by the standard of our own, nor forget that the Protestant leaders acknowledged and exercised the right of

every government to punish heresy with death. The necessity engendered by persecution for secret meetings under the cover of night gave a color to like calumnies to those circulated against the early Christians. These calumnies were industriously spread, and no doubt largely and honestly believed. The pulpits rang with denunciations of the Reformed, and no sense of the sacredness of his position or calling checked many a monkish preacher in the utterance of broad and telling falsehood or of unblushing slander. In Paris especially the populace was aroused to intense hatred of the Huguenots. Yet, despite obloquy and suffering, they increased in numbers, and every martyrdom won fresh adherents to the new doctrine, when the heaviest blow to its advance was dealt by one of its own supporters.

Early on the morning of October 18, 1534, a placard was found posted upon the walls in all the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis. Everywhere it was read with horror and indignation, and loud threats and curses were uttered against its unknown author. It was headed, "True articles respecting the horrible, great, and insupportable abuses of the Papal Mass."

Some idea of its style may be gathered from the following extract:—

The pope and all his brood of cardinals, bishops, monks, and canting mass-priests, with all who consent thereunto, are false prophets, damnable deceivers, apostates, wolves, false shepherds, idolaters, seducers, liars, and execrable blasphemers, murderers of souls, renouncers of Jesus Christ, of his death and passion, false witnesses, traitors, thieves and robbers of the honor of God, and more detestable than devils.*

The supposed consequences of the accidental consumption of the consecrated host were pressed with revolting clearness, and the speedy destruction of Romanism was boldly asserted. To add to the effect produced by this most ill-advised and intemperate handbill, a copy of it was audaciously posted on the door of the royal bedchamber in the Château of Amboise.

If the rage of the populace of Paris was indescribable, the wrath of Francis was unbounded. His religious principles, his personal pride, his royal dignity, were all outraged, and swift and stern was the vengeance exacted for so gross an insult. Henceforth all intercession on behalf of the Huguenots was for a long season fruitless, and a bitter persecution raged

almost without intermission to the close of the reign. New forms of torture were devised to aggravate and prolong the sufferings of the heretics. A royal edict, subsequently withdrawn at the repeated remonstrance of the Parliament, even prohibited any exercise of the art of printing in France on pain of the halter. A grand expiatory procession was organized for Thursday, January 21, 1535, in which the king, dressed in robes of black velvet lined with costly furs, devoutly followed the elevated host with uncovered head and with a large waxen taper in his hands. At the conclusion of the mass, celebrated with unparalleled magnificence at Notre Dame, Francis thus addressed the judges of the Parliament of Paris: "It is my will that these errors be driven from my kingdom. Were one of my arms infected with this poison, I should cut it off. Were my own children contaminated, I should immolate them."*

Mr. Baird regards this scene as merely a well-studied theatrical exhibition, and seems disposed to sneer at the impression it is alleged to have made on the bystanders. It is, indeed, no hard task to contrast the patient courage of poor Huguenot martyrs with the perjury through which Francis obtained his release from captivity and the infidelity of his passion for Diana of Poitiers. Yet we think that his conduct on this occasion admits of a more natural explanation than that of studied hypocrisy. Amidst the strange contradictions of which human nature is capable, it does not seem to us incredible that Francis should have believed that religion and policy alike demanded from him the suppression of the new opinions, or that his immoralities should have been followed by spasmodic fits of fervor, which found their vent in such self-abasement as his religious guides appointed or approved, or should have sought for expiation in the relentless prosecution of those he deemed enemies of his throne and of his faith.

During the entire reign of Henry II. the tide of persecution against the Huguenots rolled on in undiminished force. The king, who is described by the English ambassadors "as a goodly tall gentleman, well made in all parts of his body; a very grim countenance, yet very gentle, meek, and well-beloved of all his people," excelled in all bodily exercises, but was singularly sluggish and dull in mind, and was entirely ruled by Diana of Poitiers,

* Baird, i., pp. 165-6.

* Baird, i., p. 176.

the Constable Montmorency, and the Guises. A contemporary writer likens the band of courtiers gathered round this trio to swallows in pursuit of flies on a summer evening.

Nothing escaped them — rank, dignity, bishopric, abbey, offices, or other dainty morsel — all alike were eagerly devoured. Spies and salaried agents were posted in all parts of the kingdom to convey the earliest intelligence of the death of those who possessed any valuable benefices. Physicians in their employ at Paris sent in frequent bulletins of the health of sick men who enjoyed offices in Church or State; nor were instances wanting in which, for the present of a thousand crowns, they were said to have hastened a wealthy patient's death. Even the king was unable to give as he wished, and sought to escape the importunity of his favorites by falsely assuring them that he had already made promises to others. Thus only could they be kept at bay.*

The avarice of these harpies was deeply interested in the condemnation of the Huguenots, whose confiscated properties swelled their coffers. The Cardinal Charles of Lorraine did not disdain to further his interests at court by unremitting and obsequious servility to the king's mistress, nor to cheat the creditors of his uncle John, to whose benefices and personal wealth he had succeeded, of the enormous sums due to them. "It were to be desired," said a cabinet minister who knew them both well, "that this woman and the cardinal had never been born; they two alone have been the spark that kindled our misfortunes."†

Under the influence of such shameless counsellors blood flowed in every part of the kingdom. The press was watched and restrained with increasing severity. A chamber was established in the Parliament of Paris to deal with heresy, which speedily earned the popular title of *la Chambre Ardente*. The ashes of one martyr were hardly cold before a new victim was found to succeed him. In the midst of so hot a persecution the Huguenot Churches of France were organized on the Presbyterian model, and the pious research of modern Protestantism‡ has decided that it was on May 25, 1559, that deputies from all the Churches of France assembled for the first time at Paris in the National Synod. It was almost at the moment when Anne du Bourg's fearless advocacy of liberty and truth so enraged the king that he swore to see him burned

with his own eyes. What further injury was in store for the hapless heretics was but too manifest, when the spear of Montgomery wrought the unexpected salvation of the saints, or at least brought a temporary respite.

The death of Henry completely altered the balance of political parties, and gave weight to the Protestants as a counterpoise against the excessive power of the Guises. Indeed, at first it seemed as though the scale would be turned in favor of the Huguenots, and such would have been the case had Antoine of Navarre possessed enough of energy to grasp the regency, to which his birth entitled him, and enough of religious conviction to wield its authority on behalf of his coreligionists. But the weak Bourbon was no match for Catherine and the Guises, and during the ten years which closed with the massacre of St. Bartholomew the policy of the crown was chiefly swayed by the queen-mother. Catherine adopted the maxim *Divide et impera* as her motto, and pursued her tortuous policy with a dexterity and cunning that was worthy of Machiavelli. It was natural under such a posture of affairs that the Huguenots should obtain some concessions. Catherine lent a ready ear to their complaints, professed to be not insensible to the exhortations of their ministers, and even let it be supposed that she might possibly become a convert to their doctrines. The tumult of Amboise, the meeting of notables at Fontainebleau, the colloquy of Passy, successively marked the giant strides made by the new opinions. Whole districts were won over. In March, 1562, Condé furnished Catherine with a list of twenty-one hundred and fifty fully organized Churches. It was impossible that the system of unqualified repression should any longer be maintained, and at length, by the edict of January, which allowed them on certain conditions to meet for worship without molestation, the Huguenots ceased to be outlaws and could claim the protection of the law. Utterly imperfect as was the toleration thus accorded, the Catholic pulpits rang with denunciations of the Jezebel who had granted quarter to the accursed sons of Baal and had ordered "the cats and the rats henceforth to live in peace."

The edict of January was no sooner published than the Romish party strained every nerve to hinder its observance. Its conditions were utterly disregarded wherever the Catholics were in the ascen-

* *Mémoires de Vieilleville*, quoted by Baird, i. 273.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 271-2.

‡ Triqueti, *Premiers Jours*, p. 254.

dant, and the complaints of Condé were loud but unavailing. We can hardly wonder that a pacific solution should have seemed hopeless, but the wisest of the Protestant leaders at home and abroad, and especially Coligny, earnestly deprecated an appeal to arms. The relations between the two parties were already overstrained when the massacre of Passy caused the cup of Huguenot indignation to flow over. We must refer our readers to Mr. Baird's second volume for details of the varying fortunes with which the contest was for eight years maintained, of the conditions of the three successive treaties by which an insincere peace was again and again patched up, of the defection of Antoine of Navarre and the death of Condé and the murder of the Duke of Guise, of the ceaseless intrigues of Catherine de Medici, of the sieges of Sancerre, Poitiers, and La Rochelle, of the battles of Dreux, Jarnac, and Moncontour. It is a sickening record of atrocious excesses on both sides, but seldom relieved by acts of generosity or good faith, of capitulations based on solemn engagements that were shamelessly violated, of treaties concluded on carefully debated conditions that were "promised to the ear to be broken to the hope."

The pages of Claude Haton supply superabundant testimony of the misery caused by the religious wars, and of the rapid and utter demoralization they produced.

I can say nothing [writes the indignant curé] about the Low Countries nor about Poitou, where the rebel Huguenots were in force. I suppose they were neither more peaceable nor better than the king's troops, and that on both sides alike the best of them was not worth a rope with which to hang him. I respect some of the princes in arms on either side who yet allowed incredible evil to be wrought, for which they will be punished in another world. I know not whether God will not in the end inflict vengeance upon them for the unjust wars they have waged under the cloak of religion, and for the massacres, sacrilege, incendiarism, plunder, robbery, ransoms, violations, murders, wrought on the goods as well as the bodies of poor men, women, and children in places where they had authority and credit, and which ought to be a perpetual disgrace to them and their descendants forever (p. 801).

Incredible and unutterable atrocities with which we cannot defile our pages marked the passage of the German mercenaries. The roads were infested with brigands, the villages deserted, the towns crowded to overflowing—the buildings

with the influx of strangers, the very streets with cattle driven in for protection—and pestilence soon followed on the track of war. Hardly any district of France escaped the universal devastation, and the troops were equally formidable to friend and foe. Hospitality was commonly requited with the plunder and consequent ruin of the entertainers. Wanton destruction aggravated the losses and misery of the peasantry. Those who had lost their all wandered naked and homeless, happy if they retained the covering of a shirt or escaped the torture commonly employed to extort a ransom.

Barbarians, Jews, Turks, Saracens, and infidels would not have done more harm to the poor people than did the French soldiery. Many priests from Provins conducted themselves abominably, and by doing things which laymen would not have done occasioned grave scandal. A sad thing [adds Haton] is war. I believe that if the saints in Paradise went to it they would speedily be changed to devils (p. 859).

The eventual result of a struggle in which the odds seemed at first so terribly against the Huguenots was long in suspense; but the Catholic faction became convinced that it was hopeless to suppress their foes by open war. Coligny's heart was always inclined to peace, and its terms were promulgated on August 8, 1570.

On the conclusion of the peace of St. Germain the fate of Protestantism, according to Mr. Baird, still trembled in the balance, and it was no unlikely contingency that it should eventually prevail in France as it had prevailed in England. This estimate derives no slight support from so unsuspicious a witness as Claude Haton.

One may say for certain [he writes in 1569] that, had it not been for the people of Paris and the princes of the house of Lorraine, who are called the lords of Guise, the Huguenots would have gained and held the whole of France, would have abolished the Roman and Catholic Church, and would have deprived the king and his brothers of the crown of France (p. 573).

If, as Mr. Baird concludes, Charles IX. accepted "the limping and unsettled peace" in solid good faith; if, weary of civil war and its attendant anxieties, he longed to give rest to his kingdom; if the statesmanlike views, and enlightened policy, and lofty personal character of Coligny made a deep impression on the youthful king, and contrasted favorably with the selfish and overbearing temper

of the Guises, which had probably galled him at times; if, above all, as Mr. Baird stoutly maintains in contradiction to generally received opinion, Charles had not yet formed any design for the massacre, and was even hesitating between the conflicting teaching on doctrinal points of Rome and Geneva: the revolt of the Netherlands presented an occasion for the adoption of a policy which might have changed the face of Europe, might have avenged the victories of Charles V. and Philip II., and might have replaced France at once in the foremost rank amongst the Continental powers. Such was the vision which Coligny unfolded to his royal master, and it is not a little humiliating to add that so fair a prospect was marred by the duplicity and penuriousness of the English queen. *Dis aliter visum.* The opportunity passed away, never to return.

The question of Charles's complicity in a long-formed determination to exterminate the Huguenots presents a problem of no slight complexity, which must be decided by the weight of the evidence on either side, and cannot be settled by quoting an old Latin saw as conclusive of the young king's studied ill-faith. Many indisputable facts seem to point the other way. The young king's visit to Coligny after the abortive attack upon him, his alleged reluctance to countenance the massacre, the suspicious nature of the conspiracy which his mother and the Guises laid to the charge of the disabled admiral, even his horrible personal participation in the act, his ruthless cruelty when once committed, his haunted remorse and dying despair, betoken a mind driven against its own better convictions to crime, plunging awhile in wild excess and awakening to a too late repentance. We can at least fully sympathize with Mr. Baird's desire to remove some portion of the guilt from a young monarch so infamously trained and guided as Charles had been, and one whose memory must even then remain terribly sullied. From the crime of complicity in the purpose formed long before to exterminate the Huguenots his contemporaries, and Haton amongst them, did not acquit their king: yet so inveterate is the blindness of religious bigotry that the chronicler of Provins could pen so horrible a sentence as the following:—

Fut une grâce de Dieu comment le Roi, en la jeunesse où il estoit, sceu si bien dissimuler avec le dit admiral, sans se souillier ni maculer en sa foi et conscience (p. 633).

The more important question why Protestantism, after having gained so strong a hold upon the nation, did not eventually prevail, is one to which Mr. Baird does not address himself in these volumes. Its comparative failure was hardly owing to the enmity of successive sovereigns, nor to the bitter persecution which they practised, nor to the extraordinary number of the hostile monks and clergy, whose proportion to the entire population is not a little startling to modern notions, nor even to the pusillanimous and repeated defection of trusted leaders. Each and all of these causes doubtless exercised an adverse influence against the new opinions; but they would most likely have advanced steadily, despite all these drawbacks, had it not been for the fatal mistake of the Huguenot chiefs in staking their cause upon an appeal to arms.

It is only, perhaps, by patiently wading through the prolix narrative of weary and minute details that we realize the endless sequence of mutual animosity, injustice, and misery which was engendered by the civil war. It is responsible for the iconoclasm of the more fervid spirits, which Calvin vainly strove to repress, but which found vent in the brutal and senseless destruction of countless works of art and beauty, and thus drove many quiet persons, through outraged feeling, from the cause which was disfigured by such excesses. It identified the Huguenot party with the misdeeds of all the needy and greedy *noblesse* who joined their ranks in the hope of plunder, and under whose rapacity chalice and crucifix, crozier and reliquary—the priceless jewels of the Church treasury and the pride of many a parish—disappeared in the crucible, to foster renewed robbery and sacrilege. It provoked, even if it did not justify, the frightful atrocities of the mobs of Paris, Toulouse, and other Catholic cities. It gave support to the calumnious assertion that Protestantism was inconsistent with loyalty, and rallied many a hesitating spirit in support of the throne against the Huguenots, as the Spanish invasion served the Protestant cause in England by giving it the right of appeal to the nation's patriotism. Add to the prejudice thus awakened against the Reformed the destruction of life and property, the irretrievable devastation that marked the war-trail of either party, the insatiable greed of the German mercenaries, the universal suspicion, and the opportunity afforded by the general confusion to avenge private hatred, and there

is abundant material with which to aggravate a thousandfold the wretchedness endured by a people ground down by the tyranny of a lawless *noblesse* and deprived of the protection of a strong central government. All this misery was naturally laid by popular opinion to the charge of the Huguenots. Thus was begotten a popular aversion, which years failed to dissipate and which became a portion of the national spirit. Never was the Christian lesson more strongly impressed by the stern logic of facts that the servants of the Lord must not strive.

With this solution of our question we must close our survey of Mr. Baird's volumes. We shall await with much interest his continuance of the task he has commenced so well.

From Temple Bar.
THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ROCHE.

BY MRS. G. W. GODFREY,
AUTHOR OF "DOLLY," "A LITTLE BOHEMIAN," "AULD
ROBIN GRAY," ETC.

PART II.

THE next day turns out as wet as its predecessor. Raymond, ordinarily so thoroughly master of himself, and so methodical in the disposal of his time; Raymond, who with his books and papers around him, full of the fervor of a young man, who, having made his first success in life, looks forward with the consciousness of ability to the future, feeling that nothing will be impossible to him, has been apt to feel a sort of pity not unmixed with contempt for those men who, having no resources within themselves, grumble and growl at the first wet day which debars them from their outdoor pursuits, is to-day far worse than any of them. He wanders from room to room, from window to window, unable to settle to anything, possessed by a restless discontent that makes all his ordinary occupations impossible to him. It seems to him that as long as he and Miss Roche are in the same house he cannot rid himself of the consciousness of her presence.

If he leaves the room in which she is, he is forever picturing to himself what she is doing or saying. If he stays in the room, his very distrust of her compels him to watch her.

So long as she had defied him and his disapprobation, as she had seemed to do

last night, as she has seemed indeed to do, more or less, whenever he has been in her company, he has been able to understand the sort of irritated interest she produced in him, and to justify himself in his dislike of her ways and deeds, by the fact that as Dorothy's lover he was bound to resent the ill-doings of Dorothy's friend. When men had spoken against her in his presence as they had done last night, and hundreds of times before, he had silenced them simply because she was Dorothy's friend — so he had told himself — not because he did not believe that what they said of her was possible, and more than possible. But to-day for the first time he had thought of her not as a woman so steeled in her armor of coquetry and heartlessness that it was impossible to be too hard on her, impossible to wound her, but only justifiable to guard himself and others against her traps and machinations, but as one whom it was possible to wound, one who might still, among all her coqueties, retain some womanly weakness and sensitiveness, and who was, therefore, entitled to the pity and the forbearance which he, if he would be chivalrous, must accord to all things weaker than himself.

To-day, for the first time, it seems to him that even in warning Dorothy against her, even in trying — with some instinct he hardly yet understands — to get out of her presence, he may have been too hard on her. To-day, for the first time, it seems to him that though his desire to keep out of the influence of her fascinations may have been honest enough, and his abhorrence of the women who trade on their beauty altogether to be justified, yet on this particular woman he may have been over hard.

And this change of feeling has been brought about simply (though he does not realize it) by the fact that on this particular morning Miss Roche has come down to breakfast pale and quiet, with the look of one who has not rested all night, has refused to eat and almost refused to speak, while the very avoidance of her lovely, heavy-lidded eyes has seemed to carry an almost unbearable reproach for the enmity he has borne her. "Is it possible that Dorothy can have told her what he has said of her?" he asks himself, and asking, cannot rest.

Even in the earliest days of his courtship of Dorothy he could always comfortably settle down to his books and papers, and put aside the thought of her until a more convenient season, holding it as his

opinion that love and marriage have little to do with the serious business of life, but are only at best but a pleasant interlude; but the thought of this woman, the ever-recurring wonder and doubt as to the truth or falsity of those stories which the gossip of clubs and drawing-rooms had attached to her name, come between him and his work with a persistency that will not be denied.

He hates himself for allowing himself to be troubled by her. He hates her still more for troubling him.

But all the same he gives up the struggle; he succumbs to the demon of restlessness that possesses him, and ordering his horse, rides out into the wind and rain to try to get the better of it by physical exercise, since the mental exercise in which he, full of the sense of growing powers, has hitherto found his pleasure, is no longer possible to him.

Some hours later he comes home at a good pace, having suddenly remembered that unless he turned homeward with all the speed left in his tired horse he would miss the one half-hour in the day which Dorothy always reserved for herself and her lover.

The thought that he had nearly forgotten it and *her*, carries with it a sharp pang of self-reproach, and when he reaches the house, he hardly waits to rid himself of the mud and the dampness of his long ride, but makes his way straight to the library where he and Dorothy usually spend the half-hour before tea.

The room is nearly dark, but by the light of the fire he can see the quiet figure seated in the low chair with one foot on the fender, one white hand supporting her face.

"Dear, am I late?" he says briskly, bringing in with him a fresh atmosphere of wind and rain. "I rode as fast as I could, but —"

He stops there. She has dropped her hand. She has raised her face, and he sees that it is not Dorothy — it is Miss Roche!

"I beg your pardon," he says with a sudden change in his voice, turning to go. "I thought it was Miss Carmichael."

"Stay a moment," she says, starting up and stretching out her hand, as if she would detain him. "I want to speak to you."

For a moment he hesitates. For a moment it seems to him that it would be better that he should go, even at the risk of positive rudeness. Then he accepts

the situation and comes a little nearer to her and holds out his hands to the fire.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he says with a cold civility that is by no means encouraging. "If so, pray command me."

"Yes," she answers, rising to her feet and standing a little way off from him with her hands clasped in front of her, her face pale and resolute. "You can tell me why you hate me." Then after a moment's pause she goes on quickly — "From the time that we first met, my words, my actions, my very looks have seemed to be the object of your antipathy, your most marked hostility. At first it seemed so strange that any one — that is" (correcting herself with a bitter smile), "that any man, should hate me so thoroughly, that I tried to please you, and when I found that *that*" (with another smile more bitter than the last) "was hopeless, I bore your sneers, your sarcasms, — worse than all your contemptuous silence — in patience. But last night" (with a break in her voice) "I found that you had tried to set the one friend, the *only* friend, I have in the world against me. And that is too much — you have driven me too far. What have I done to you?" (coming closer to him, and looking at him with a sudden fire in the soft splendor of her eyes). "Why do you pursue me with your hatred? I *will* know."

The intense emotion in her voice reflects itself in his face, and the color that exercise and fresh air had brought there fades absolutely, leaving him very white.

"You force me into a very unpleasant situation," he says presently, trying to control his voice. "I deny that I hate you. As to the rest, how can I answer you with the respect —"

"Respect!" she interrupts with a laugh that seems to ring in his ears and her own. "We will omit that — answer me truthfully."

"Then," he answers coldly and sternly, "excepting the hatred which exists only in your imagination, I deny nothing. It is true that I have an old-fashioned idea that women should keep themselves beyond even the breath of scandal and evil. It is true that I most strongly disapprove of the way in which you and other women of your time live your lives, and that it would make me thoroughly, absolutely wretched to think that any woman I cared about should see things as you see them. That is all!"

There is a moment's intense silence, a moment in which they stand facing each other, the firelight shining on their white, passionate faces.

When she speaks again her voice sounds cold and hard, and she moistens her lips as though they were dry.

"Of what do you accuse me?" she says very slowly, every word coming with a distinct effort, "what sort of woman do you take me for?"

He hesitates. His heart fails him as he looks at the white, lovely face opposite to him. Then he deliberately hardens himself by recalling to mind certain times when he had seen her with Lord Aveling.

"I have no doubt that appearances are against you," he says with a sneer that is cruel. "But a woman cannot afford to disregard appearances. They are part of her character."

"You ought to be very good to be so severe," she says slowly, looking straight into his eyes.

He flushes hotly under her direct look.

"I am not good. I do not pretend to be. But I and a good many other men judge women by a very different standard than that we set up for ourselves. Do you think," he goes on passionately, "that if a man cared for a woman he could bear to see her as I —" He breaks off suddenly, incontinently, and finishes very coldly — "You have forced me to speak the truth. Blame yourself if it has not been pleasant to you."

As he speaks he turns away.

"Stay," she cries, stretching out her hands to arrest him. "You say that appearances are against me, and you are right. You keep your respect alone for those women who have lived all their lives hedged round with every care, and all manner of love; but for those who are less fortunate — for those who from the very first have had appearances, circumstances, everything against them, have you no pity, no sympathy?"

The coldness and hardness have gone out of her voice. It is full of a passionate pain that goes to his very heart. But he will not show it.

"You are wrong," he says, forcing himself to speak quietly, "in supposing that my sympathies are only with the fortunate. For those who forget their duty from excess of love, or excess of misery, I have an immense pity — almost a respect; but for those who go to the very verge of vice simply because it is fashionable, who have but one end, one aim in all their lives — the gratification of

their own vanity, who use their beauty as a trap to ensnare men's hearts, and all the time only feign the passions they wish to excite, having no hearts of their own — for these I have only contempt!"

In spite of the quietness with which he began, his voice and his manner gain an extraordinary heat as he goes on. All the anger and scorn that have been growing against her during these last days when he has himself with his own eyes witnessed her encouragement of the pronounced attentions of Lord Aveling, seem now that she herself has knocked down the barriers of silence and conventionality, to force themselves to his lips.

But the moment he has spoken he would give the world to recall his words. With a sudden revulsion of feeling he understands that they were brutal, unmanly, unworthy of him.

She is standing before him, her head drooped, her hands clasped against her breast, and in the dim light he fancies that her lips are quivering. He moves a step forward — he is going to take her hands, to bid her look up, to beg her to pardon him, and then he remembers and stops suddenly.

"You are very hard on — on the women you condemn," she says after a while; and he knows then that it is no fancy that her lips are quivering, her voice trembling. He is close to her now — he can see straight down into her soft, deep eyes upraised to his. "Suppose — suppose that there are some of them who have hearts, like other women, and that it is just because they are so miserable — so utterly miserable — that they seem so bad. Suppose for instance there should be one among them" (hesitating and faltering) "who from the first — from the very first — never had a chance, who was brought up from babyhood to bear women scoffed at and despised, whose mother was a shame to her, whose father hated her, whose earliest lesson was to look upon her beauty as a thing to trade upon, the only power she would ever possess, who having no love, no respect, no happiness in her home — having indeed no home that was worthy of the name — learnt as she grew to a woman to seek admiration because she could not have respect — amusement because she had no happiness — was that" (pausing and looking about her, with strained eyes, and quivering lips) "so very unnatural? Suppose," she goes on presently, laying one hand upon her heaving breast, "that among all the crowd she met one — one

only who neither flattered her, nor pandered to her; one, one only, whom she felt that she could respect — could, if she had been a better woman, have loved, — perhaps just because he was so different from all the rest; and that from the first — the very first — he showed her plainly that for *her* he had neither admiration nor respect, and though she tried at first to make him think less badly of her — tried indeed to be a better woman, yet at last when she found that nothing she could do or say or look could change him at all, she grew reckless, desperate, a worse woman than ever she was before."

Her voice breaks into something that is very near a sob. One tear rolls slowly down her cheek. Her face is full of an intense emotion, and yet it is probable that in her whole life she never looked more lovely than she does at this moment.

"Do you mean?" — cries Raymond, starting forward and seizing her hands, with a passion that will not be restrained, "do you mean — Is it possible —"

He does not complete his question, nor does he answer him, but for one moment he holds her close to him — for one moment they stand face to face, hand to hand, and their eyes meet.

And in that moment is centred more of passionate emotion than the young man has experienced in all the years of his well-ordered life. And then — the handle of the door turns audibly, and he drops her hands and starts away from her, with a sense of guilt that is almost unbearable to one who has always stood on such good terms with his own conscience.

"Are you here, Ray?" says Dorothy's clear young voice. "I thought" (looking about her with eyes unaccustomed to the darkness, and making her way forward with uncertain steps) "you were out riding. I — Theo, is that you?" (in a tone of intensest surprise). "I had no idea *you* were here."

She stands just in the centre of the room where the full glare of the blazing logs shows up her piquant little face and trim, girlish figure; but the other two have shrunk back somewhere among the shadows that lie on either side of the chimneypiece, a good way off from each other.

She cannot see their faces clearly, but she looks from one to the other with a little wonder dawning in her eyes. There is something strange in their silence — something stranger still in the fact of their being in each other's company.

"Have you been *quarrelling*?" she is going to say. But she pulls herself up and changes it to — "Have you been waiting for me?"

It is Miss Roche who answers. It is usually the woman who takes the initiative on these occasions, and Raymond, for his part, is so little accustomed to finding himself surprised in a dishonorable situation that he has no glib excuses ready. He is, in fact, considerably astonished to find that Miss Roche's voice and manner are exactly the same as they ordinarily are.

"Mr. Knollys came in here to find you," she says, coming forward so that the firelight plays brightly on her pale, beautiful face, neither whiter nor redder than it usually is, "and instead — found only me; and I — have been trying my best to amuse him; have I not, Mr. Knollys? But now that you have come, I think I may go."

Her manner bears just that shade of suppressed resentment with which she is accustomed to speak to or of Dorothy's lover. About her mouth hovers that small sarcastic smile that Dorothy recognizes as a familiar sign when these two have come in contact.

"Certainly they have been quarrelling again," she says to herself.

She does not try to detain her friend — on the contrary, she is very glad that she has the sense to go and leave her alone with Raymond. She has been cheated out of the best part of her half-hour; but there are yet a few minutes left to her.

She smiles and nods as Miss Roche goes to the door, but when it has safely shut upon her she comes a little nearer to her lover.

He is standing with one arm on the chimneypiece, one foot on the fender, looking down into the fire, half maddened by the crowd of emotions contending in his brain.

Anger against himself; anger — a most unreasonable and yet most passionate anger — against Dorothy for having arrived at that particular moment; and one all-mastering, bewildering, impossible thought which he has not yet had time to grasp, or look in the face, holds him dumb. He is as yet too little accustomed to intrigue or deception, to lie readily with either face or voice.

For a moment the girl stands regarding him — waiting for him to speak. Then she smiles a little to herself. Undoubtedly they have been quarrelling. It is not

the first time she has seen him moody and sulky after an encounter with Miss Roche.

"Are you tired, Ray?" she says, laying a small white hand on his sleeve with a touch so gentle that it is almost a caress. "Have you been riding very far?"

He tries to pull himself together.

"Yes, I am tired—fagged out," he says, lifting up his head and feeling with a sudden sense of shame that is almost unendurable to him that he dare not look into her simple, loving face. "And I am wet and muddy. I ought to have changed my things, only I came in here, and—and"—he breaks off bunglingly.

"And you found Theo here," she says gently—"and she has been bothering you, I am afraid. Never mind, dear," stroking his rough sleeve, "try and put up with her just a little while for my sake. She will be here only such a little longer. It is a comfort" (with a small, half-suppressed sigh) "to think that I only asked her for a fortnight."

"Bothering me!" cries the young man, reddening hotly, furiously. "On the contrary, we have been getting on capitally—so capitally" (with a laugh that sounds strange and discordant in his own ears) "that you would hardly believe it!"

He turns as he speaks and moves towards the door. He cannot any longer endure the scrutiny of her wide-opened, wondering eyes.

"I must change my things," he says shortly, nodding to her and trying to smile. "I am not fit to sit down. I will join you at tea."

It seems to him that at any risk he must get away from her. For the life of him he cannot touch her hands—look into her face—when but a moment ago he held the hands and looked into the eyes of her friend. Treacherous he may have been, but he is not yet treacherous enough for that!

And when Dorothy understands that he is gone—gone without a loving word or a tender look, without one of those caresses, those spoken or unspoken assurances of his love, which he, being so chary of all public manifestations of feeling, always reserved for those times when they were alone together—her heart swells within her, tears gather hotly in her eyes, and though they do not overflow, they remain there with a burning smart.

She never for a moment doubts that Miss Roche has in some way vexed him—vexed him so that he is too angry to hide it. She takes his denial as one of

those ironical evasions with which he sometimes avoids unpleasant topics.

She has befriended Miss Roche, and stuck to her through thick and thin. She has been faithful to her, in spite of the calumnies of scandalmongers and the persuasions of her friends—too faithful, for her own good, some of them have said. But now for the first time she feels a passionate anger against her which not all her follies or imprudences have ever before provoked.

Faithful and gentle, and generous she may be, but above all, and before all, she is in love—passionately in love with Raymond Knollys. If it has come to this, that she must choose between her friend and her lover, it is certain that the friend has but a poor chance.

The tears dry in her eyes. Two bright spots burn on her cheeks, and holding up one hand, she counts out with the other the days that yet remain of Miss Roche's visit—seven of them! A good deal may be done in seven days—seven mornings and afternoons, and evenings for Raymond and Miss Roche to quarrel in. The prospect is not altogether a hopeful one; but, after all, seven days are not interminable, and any evil that has a definite end is bearable.

There is very little sign of vexation or annoyance, even to the most observant eyes, in her bright face and cheery manner, when she goes to her own little room to pour out the tea.

There is very little indeed to mark in any way the great gulf which for one at least of the people there present, lies between the morning and the evening of this rainy day—a gulf which neither repentance nor remorse can overpass—unless it be the fact that Raymond Knollys altogether avoids looking at or speaking to Miss Roche, and that she—Miss Roche herself—who has not been seen to open a book since she came into the house, and has in the hearing of most of them contemptuously expressed her opinion that learning was only for the old or the ugly, and reading for those who had no better use for their eyes, is to-day so completely absorbed in a book that she has neither eyes nor ears for anything or any one in the room—is indeed so absolutely blind and deaf to Lord Aveling's most skilled and subtle advances that he is driven at last to play écarté with Charlie Drysdale.

Neither of these facts escapes Dorothy's notice, but for both of them she has her own interpretation, and though it

is in reality a misinterpretation, it answers its purpose, in so far as it keeps her—for the time at least—in ignorance of her own unhappiness.

In the evening—when it is growing late and the men have come in from a somewhat prolonged sitting over their wine—Miss Roche sings.

They all know—more by tradition than by actual hearing—that she has a voice whose beauty almost equals the beauty of her face, and that for the sake of her singing she has been asked into houses where she would never have otherwise penetrated. But they also know that she is so chary or so disdainful of her gift that it is hopeless to ask her to use it. Not once since she has been in the house has she sung a note to please either her host, or her friend—or her lovers.

But to-night, of her own free will, she sits down to the piano, and playing the prelude with firm white hands—sings.

And as her voice—clear and strong—sounds through the room—there is an instant hush.

The song she has chosen is one that Raymond Knollys had spoken of a few days ago in her presence as “the most perfect love-song ever written.”

He remembers that now as he stands by the window, half hidden by the curtains. He had wandered there restlessly, not knowing what he did. He remains there now—with an instinctive desire to hide his face while she is singing—that he may listen without the consciousness of watching eyes.

The rain has ceased, and a little pale moon is drifting between the wandering clouds—casting a tearful, uncertain glance upon dripping, leafless boughs, on soaked, dank gardens and terraces. But he does not see these things, or at least he only sees them unconsciously, while the exquisite, pathetic notes ring out through the room, and set his heart beating as surely it never beat for Dorothy.

I arise from dreams of thee

In the first sweet sleep of night. . . .

It is a man's song by rights. He has heard it sung by some of the best voices of modern times, but never by such a voice as this!

The passion of it rings to his brain—the tenderness of it stirs his very heart. He tries to pull himself together—to remind himself with a forced sneer that this is the woman whom he has despised and almost hated for her follies and co-

quetries. He tries, but he cannot. He has always been more susceptible to the influence of a beautiful voice than to any other, and so long as she sings she has the mastery over him. He remembers with a passionate exaltation that he cannot control, that she is singing the song he has praised. She is but a voice singing to him, and to him alone.

When the last faint notes die out into silence, there is not a voice to thank her, not a man or a woman in the room, friend or foe, who has listened to the song unmoved.

Raymond, leaning against the window unobserved, knows that there is for a moment a dead hush—truest of all tributes to a singer—and then, after that one moment, all the voices seem to burst out together. He cannot hear what they say. It seems to him a sort of foolish, wordless buzz—he only knows that he, for his part, could not speak a word of common thanks to save his life.

In a little while—he does not know how long or how short a time it is—the lace curtains that have served as his screen are pushed a little aside, and the face whose beauty he has almost denied, and certainly almost hated, appears between them. She is very pale, but in the mingled light of the candles behind her, and the pale, uncertain moonlight in front of her, her eyes seem deeper and softer than ever.

“You are the only one who has not thanked me for my song,” she says, in a tone that is sufficiently conventional to satisfy any one who might overhear her. Then after a moment's pause she comes a little closer to him—“Did you like it?” (very softly).

No one can overhear her this time. The question is evidently meant for his ears alone.

He looks at her for a moment, struggling between his desire to hate her and a still more overwhelming, overmastering conviction, forced on him during the last few minutes, that it would be possible to love her.

“Yes, I liked it,” he answers coldly, after an interval. Then as the admission seems too grudging, and too forced to sound natural even in his own ears, he adds, “You have a wonderful voice! It is a pity you do not use it oftener.”

“You have never asked me—I would have sung if you had asked me,” she says quickly. Then coming a little nearer, and stretching out her hand, and touching his, “I—I wish you liked me,” she says

gently, almost timidly, "I wish you would be friends with me."

It is a very small touch — no more than would be permissible in a well-bred woman to a man with whom she was ordinarily intimate — and yet it is enough to show him his danger.

"Friends!" he says, with something he means for a laugh, but which is in fact very unmirthful. "You are not the sort of woman men make *friends* with!"

When he has said it he is conscious that it is a very rude speech — a horribly rude one, unless she be clever enough to give it another interpretation than that which it bears on the surface.

But long ago he had said of her, that her only cleverness lay in the habitual silence which hid her want of it.

What she does now appears to confirm that idea. She drops her hand, looks him in the face and turns away, apparently accepting his rebuff literally. She does not give him a chance to apologize or explain. Before he can speak she is out in the room, where all the others can see her, and where, if he follows her, he must do it with the chance of bringing all eyes upon him.

Instead, he sinks back into the recess, and leaning against the window-shutter, laughs to himself.

"*Friends*" with her! He knows now that a man might hate or love her — but *like* her, never. She is not, as he had told her, the sort of woman with whom friendship is possible. He had thought that he only despised her for her foolish life, her empty and deliberate coquetries, her heartless frivolity; but he begins to understand that even his dislike had lacked the calm indifference with which he would have regarded the follies of another woman, and that his very avoidance of her had shown a consciousness of her power.

From the superior height of his own well-balanced, well-placed attachment to Dorothy Carmichael he has looked with a sort of angry derision on those who have allowed themselves to be made the butt of her caprices, fools for her pleasure.

Now for the first time he understands how such folly has been possible to them — now for the first time he understands how it would be possible to love this woman with a passion of which he, who thought he loved Dorothy, has until now had no conception.

In short, he, who has all his life sneered at those who allowed themselves to be the slaves of a woman's mere physical

attractions — he, who has loudly and openly professed himself unable to understand how a man could love a woman, when reason and judgment failed to convince him that her mind and heart were as attractive as the body that enclosed them, is on the high-road to become as great a fool as any of them.

When he comes back into the room Miss Roche has disappeared, and Dorothy's eyes seeking his, tell him that she has missed him and wanted him.

He knows that with a few lover-like looks and words he could easily bring back the smiles to her face, and send her to bed happy, but anything that savors of hypocrisy is as yet too distasteful to him for him to be able to give them. On the contrary, he bids her "good-night" so coldly that she lies awake half the night wondering what she can have done to vex him.

Three days have gone — three days out of the seven that yet remain of Miss Roche's visit — gone laggingly, wearily enough for Dorothy, each one of them seeming to take with it some of the honest, childish merriment, some of the undoubted hopefulness with which she used to live her simple, happy life, each one of them seeming only to widen the barrier of coldness and estrangement which somehow — she cannot tell how — has seemed to grow up between Raymond and herself.

But they have gone neither slowly nor wearily to those other two — Raymond and Miss Roche — and at the end of them they find themselves at a degree of intimacy, which one at least of them would have believed impossible three days ago.

It is not only the first step which costs something of honor and self-esteem, but the second and third, and all those that come after it; and though each one perhaps makes the rest more easy, a man possessed of a conscience cannot of a sudden rid himself of it.

Raymond was just sane enough to know that he was mad, to know that in his right senses he would no more dream of loving this woman than he would of vexing Dorothy — to know that he would no more desire to make her his wife than he would desire to give up Dorothy — and yet so far gone in a feverish, intoxicated delirium that he had no longer the will and, it may be, had no longer the power to break through it.

To know that between him and this beautiful woman there existed an un-

spoken understanding, that her eyes, meeting his, have more than once carried a revelation that might have overturned the reason of any man; that for him she has cast aside some of the reserve which had been her strongest characteristic; that for him she has laid down some of the pride that had seemed part of herself; more than all, that for him she has so altered her behavior to Lord Aveling that for two days he has not made his appearance at the Manor, — all these things were enough, perhaps, to upset the reason and the judgment of a man stronger than Raymond had even thought himself.

At first he had tried to deceive himself, and though he could not deny that he and Miss Roche had overlapped the strict bounds of friendship, he had endeavored to justify himself by the remembrance that Dorothy had forced him into this intimacy though he had done his best — certainly more than one man out of a hundred would have done — to avoid it.

But after a while he had not even tried to keep on good terms with his own conscience, but had abandoned himself to this new and suddenly awakened passion with a recklessness that was opposed to all the traditions of his life. He knows that it is a fool's paradise in which he is living, but for the time being it *is* a paradise, and that is enough.

It is not to be supposed that Raymond and Miss Roche should so suddenly have changed their position from an ill-disguised enmity to a liking that is equally ill-disguised, without bringing upon themselves much observation and some freely whispered comments.

It is one of the pleasures of a country-house visit, that people have, as a rule, so little business of their own that they have plenty of time to meddle in their neighbors'.

With the three exceptions — of Cameron, who is too honest to be trusted with a secret, and too blind to perceive one; of the squire, who would not be convinced of a friend's treachery even when the evidence of it was thrust under his nose; and of Dorothy, who, being the person most concerned, is naturally the one kept longest in the dark — there is not one of them who does not know, and who cannot relate, with an accuracy of detail that would surprise both Raymond and Miss Roche, almost every word or look that has passed between them.

And, after all, there is not much to tell.

"Are you sure," says Mrs. Armitage, looking up from her knitting and breaking

in on one of these hot discussions with a quiet voice that makes itself instantly heard, "that there may not be a solution of this mystery which you have none of you suspected?"

There are all of them loitering together over the fire in Dorothy's room. They are most of them doing nothing, except to pull the few remaining shreds of Miss Roche's character into little pieces.

"I don't see much mystery about it," says Olympia Seton with bitter emphasis. "It is only that *he is the last one*."

"At least," says Beatrice hotly, "she might show some common gratitude to Dorothy, who has always stood up for her so! If it were not for her she would not have a friend in the world!"

"But supposing," goes on Mrs. Armitage, still knitting, still weaving her endless threads with deft white fingers in a way that is horribly trying to some of the idle ones — "supposing she is *really* in love with Mr. Knollys? In that case gratitude would not have much weight with a woman of so little principle. I believe she *is* grateful to Dorothy, I believe she *really* loves her, as far as she *can*, but I confess" (looking up suddenly with those shrewd, dark eyes of hers) "that it has more than once occurred to me — even before this — that she took a deeper interest in Mr. Knollys than she allowed to be apparent!"

There is a moment's silence of intense surprise. Evidently this possibility has never even presented itself to them!

Then Mrs. Drysdale bursts into a laugh.

"In love!" she says with trenchant scorn. "A marble statue, a wooden block in love! My dear Mrs. Armitage, heaven has blessed you with a vivid imagination. Don't you understand that she *hates* him? that he has picked her into trying to make a fool of him, and that she has a very easy task? For my own part" (raising her voice and looking at her foot that is poised on the edge of the fender) "I don't believe in these goody-goody young men, who always look as if they were in church. They are invariably the worst — and I am not at all sure that it is not a good thing that Dorothy should find out —"

"Yes!" says a clear voice, right in their midst, "what is Dorothy to find out?"

She has come in over the soft carpet unperceived. She is close upon them before they have one of them been aware of her entrance.

For a moment they are too utterly taken aback to be able to speak a word, if it were to save their lives. They are one and all engaged in racking their memories to recall the exact words they have spoken, and an anxious calculation of how much she could possibly have heard of them.

"What is it?" says Dorothy again, standing and fronting them with her little, pale, determined face. "Cannot you tell me? What have I to find out?"

Her eyes wandering from one face to another, rest last on Mrs. Drysdale's. There has never been much love lost between these two. Dorothy has been harder on Mrs. Drysdale's little follies than on the greater ones of Miss Roche. It is only because the squire has strong ideas on the claims of kinship that she has asked her cousin here at all.

"My dear!" says Mrs. Drysdale, with a shrug of her plump shoulders, and an uneasy laugh. "If you are not blessed with eyes of your own, I certainly cannot give them to you."

"Shall I tell you what you were talking about?" says Dorothy, coming a step nearer, and looking around on them all with a little set smile on her white lips. "You were trying to make out that because — because Raymond has paid more attention to Theo lately, that he was — was flirting with her. You did not know" (with a brave little laugh that tries to hide the quiver in her voice) "that it was because I asked him, that he has been kinder to her these last few days. Four days ago, we nearly quarrelled, he and I, because of her — he wanted to go away because he disliked her so; and it was to please me — do you understand? to please me — he has tried to be kinder to her."

She looks from one to another with a glance that is full of defiance and yet has a certain wistful, uneasy fear.

Mrs. Armitage, meeting that look, feels her own eyes fill with sudden tears.

But no one answers her, not a word.

Mrs. Drysdale breaks the uncomfortable silence, by gathering up her substantial, tightly-clothed form and rustling skirts with an ostentatious yawn, preparatory to departure.

"You poor little child!" she says, with a mocking laugh, as she turns to go. "Upon my word, you are too good for this wicked world!"

For a moment Dorothy looks as if she were going to spring after her. Then she lets her hands fall to her sides, and turns her back upon her.

After a minute or so, the other two — Beatrice and Olympia — drop away too, glad to get out of an unpleasant situation, and Dorothy and her godmother are left alone.

"Was I very hard on them?" she asks presently, with an uneasy little laugh. "They *will* gossip so. If a man looks at a woman it is enough. But they shall not talk nonsense about *him*, because of course it — it *is* all nonsense."

Mrs. Armitage cannot look up, cannot meet the question that she *knows* is in her eyes.

"Of course!" she says quietly. "All nonsense — nothing but nonsense."

But for all that she seems to see her needles moving in and out through a mist — she is so sorry for Dorothy.

Evening is come, and dinner is over.

A multitude of wax lights and two big heaped-up fires are flaring and blazing in the large drawing-room, and making it as cheerful and homelike as a very big room can be — making it also unbearably hot.

Reckoning by the laws of reason and custom, it is still the time of year for big fires, drawn curtains, and many lights, still the time of year when biting winds and heavy night frosts might fairly be counted on; and though the English climate has a pleasant versatility which admits of no precedent, the squire is one of those few remaining relics of a fast-disappearing type, who stick manfully to custom rather than to comfort, who drink the heavy ports and fiery sherries of their fathers, rather than the frothy champagnes and light clarets of their own day, and who would not for the world have a fire slackened, or a window opened to the night air, before the end of May.

As a matter of fact it has all day been warm and close as midsummer. There has been a languor as of coming spring in the air, a breath of fragrance in the southerly wind. Inside, the lights and the fires blaze high. Outside the moon almost at her height is bathing the park and the gardens in a flood of silver light. The moonlight gets the best of it.

Beatrice Seton is the first to venture.

"It is too tempting!" she says, throwing back a curtain, and laying her hand on the window latch. "Dorothy" (turning back a little curly head that looks yellow in the moonlight), "will he *mind*, do you think? Will he *sold* us?"

"I hope he will not catch cold," says Dorothy, looking a little anxiously at the squire.

They all smile then. The fire has been too much even for him, and right in front of it, in a big armchair, getting the full benefit of the blaze, he is gently snoring, with his chin on his shirt-front, and his hands crossed placidly on his ample waistcoat.

"He looks as much like scolding as like catching cold," says Mrs. Drysdale, stepping across the window-sill. "For my part, I am afraid neither of the one nor the other."

There is no one to preach prudence. Even Mrs. Armitage has gone to her room with a bad headache, and the moonlight has a potent attraction that defies rheumatism, and laughs at influenza. One by one, or rather two by two, it draws them out on to the terrace.

Some have wraps, some have none. Some are sitting, some are walking. Little Beatrice Seton, perched on the pedestal of a marble Diana, with two of the smallest feet that ever wore high-heeled shoes drawn well up out of the damp, wrapped in an overcoat of Charlie Drysdale's, with a tiny cigarette between her lips, and plenty of mischief in her eyes, looks as perfect a personification of the modern huntress, and as thorough a contrast to the cold-faced goddess of the chase, as can be imagined. Farther on, where the shadow of the house falls darkly on the moonlit terrace, Olympia and Stracey can faintly be distinguished — recognizable by a certain limpness of figure and crookedness of neck, which is one of the marked characteristics of their school. Higher up, in the full light of the moon, are Mrs. Drysdale and young Cameron. She has managed to get herself provided with a rocking-chair, a footstool, and a warm and becoming wrap. He is lounging against the balustrade by her side, with a pipe in his mouth. She is talking — he is listening — drawn together, for the moment, by the one single feeling that they possess in common — hatred of Miss Roche. *She* is never tired of talking against her; *he* is never tired of listening — more than willing to be convinced that the woman who has snubbed and deceived him is as black as she is painted.

At the farther end of the terrace — so far away that it is not possible for any of the others to see their faces or to hear even the sound of their voices — are Miss Roche herself and Lord Aveling. She is leaning against the stone railing with head down-bent. He is standing by her side in the attitude of one who is talking ear-

nestly. That is all that the most interested observer — and there is one, at least, who is terribly interested — can discern of their doings.

And last of all, Raymond and Dorothy, the only recognized lovers among the party, left to themselves by common consent, are by no means availing themselves of the opportunity to isolate themselves from their fellows after the manner of ordinary lovers, but are pacing up and down in front of the lighted windows, well within view of every one, with scarcely a word to say to each other.

She is condemning herself with a remorse altogether disproportionate to the cause for the momentary doubt which an idle gossip had been able to raise in her mind against the man whom all her life she has loved, and what is more, most thoroughly and reasonably trusted; and, with the unnecessary and terrible honesty for which she is famous, is casting about for words in which to confess her crime. *He* is throwing glances of barely veiled annoyance in the direction of Miss Roche and her companion.

"What has induced that man to come here to-night?" he says at last with very apparent irritation. "Is it your father who asks him?"

At any other time Dorothy would represent the question and the manner of it. At the present moment she is sufficiently humbled by the sense of her own shortcomings to accept it as a sort of expiation of her sins.

"I suppose so," she says quietly. "Father always asks every one, you know. Unless" (smiling a little) "he has come of his own accord to see Theo — that is more likely still."

"I should have thought that Miss Roche had made it sufficiently apparent that she did not desire his attentions," he says angrily. "No one but a brute like that would force himself on a woman after she had shown him so plainly that she did not want him."

His tone has an unaccountable heat. He has forgotten to whom he is speaking. He has forgotten how strangely he has altered his opinions since last he spoke to her on this very subject. He has in fact arrived at that stage at which a man does not pick his words at all. But Dorothy does not see it. She sees only the opportunity for which she has been longing, unexpectedly presented to her.

"You have learnt to do justice to Theo at last? You understand now that she would not have encouraged a man like

that if she had known him rightly. Ray, dear," sidling up a little closer to him and looking up at him with eyes in which love and shame seem to contend for the mastery, "I want to thank you with all my heart for trying so much to please me. I know this is the hardest task I have ever set you—that she runs counter to all your prejudices, and they" (with a little smile) "are not very weak ones; but you have done it, as you have done everything else that I have ever asked you, for my sake, while I—do not look at me—I shall never have the courage to tell you if you look at me—but I—just for one minute—only one minute, Ray—was—was jealous of you and of her."

He turns away from her outstretched hands, her imploring eyes, with a gesture of fierce impatience.

"Jealous!" he says, bursting into harsh and bitter laughter, and scarce knowing what he says for misery and shame. "It wanted only that. Good God! what unreasonable creatures women are! A few days ago you insisted that, whether it pleased me or not, I must be friends with her, and now because I have done my best to obey you—you are *jealous*!"

"I know," she says meekly, standing in front of him, with hands clasped and drooping head. "It was mean of me—mean and unjust. But she is so beautiful, and it sometimes seems to me that she has only to wish it to make every one love her, while I" (with a little watery smile) "have not much to recommend me, except that I love you. But" (moving a little closer and looking up) "it was only for a minute, Ray—only for one minute that I doubted you. Perhaps" (seeing that he makes no sign of reconciliation or forgiveness) "I should have done better not to confess it, but I could not let you love me under false pretences."

The words give him such a bitter pang as never, in all his life, has he felt before.

He looks for a moment at the little flushed miserable face, and then he stretches out his hands with an impulsive gesture and draws her to him.

"Dorothy," he says passionately, "some days ago I asked you to let me go away—and you refused. Well, now I ask you again. Let me go until she" (with a gesture of his head in Miss Roche's direction) "is gone,—and I will never see her again until we are safely married—never afterwards if I can help it."

It is evident that he is in earnest—ter-

ribly in earnest. He is not dishonorable by nature or by intent. He is only dishonorable against his will. With a sort of reckless abandonment of himself and his future, he casts it and all the possibilities it contains into her hands.

It is certain that if she bids him go he will go whatever it may cost him. It is equally certain that if she decides that he shall stay, he will stay, and all the responsibility—so he tells himself—will rest with her.

He is waiting for her answer. For one moment, in whose intensity are centred all the emotions of the past days, he watches her changing face, waiting for her decision. But before she can say one word good or bad—while yet she stands holding his hands, looking up into his face, with the words that shall decide his fate and her own trembling on her eager lips—a loud and imperious voice rings through the drawing-room, and out through the window.

"Dot, Dot, what has become of you? Where the dickens have they all got to? Are you—is it possible—is the window *open*?" (This to himself) "Have they all gone out of their minds?"

It is a voice whose constant demands Dorothy has never disregarded since the time when, as a little child, she stepped into her mother's empty place. Even now, at this supreme moment, she drops her lover's hands at the sound of it. It is evident that it is coming nearer. In a moment the squire will be out amongst them all, scolding them right and left.

"I must go to him," she says hurriedly, forgetting herself as she has always done. "But I will come back. Wait for me."

She does not give him the chance to detain her. Before he realizes it she has gone. The window has closed behind her, shutting out the squire's voice, and Raymond is alone.

He folds his arms with a sort of angry smile, partly in derision of himself for having placed the determination of his future in a girl's weak hands, partly in relief at the fact that the decision is inevitably postponed.

Pacing the terrace with hasty footsteps his eyes wander, naturally, to the spot where a few minutes ago Miss Roche stood with Lord Aveling, and he sees that—she is alone. Lord Aveling has left her.

For a few paces he goes resolutely forward, turning neither to the right nor left. The memory of Dorothy's beseeching eyes and tender, trustful words is yet too

strong upon him to allow him to go deliberately over to the woman of whom, in her childish, pathetic honesty, she had acknowledged her jealousy.

He has hardly assured himself of his resolution not to go near her, when, glancing askance at her, he sees that she is standing there in the chill night air, in her light evening dress, without a wrap of any sort.

Without a moment for reflection or irresolution he crosses straight over to her.

"Are you mad?" he says in a tone that is by no means lover-like or tender—that is on the contrary very stern and masterful, "do you want to catch cold, and kill yourself?"

She is leaning her bare white arms on the old grey stones of the balustrade that divides one terrace from another. The moonlight casts the dark shadows of her lashes on her fair, smooth cheeks—makes the glimpse of her white bosom, seen through the laces that rise and fall with each breath—seem whiter than snow. She has never, perhaps, looked more dangerously lovely than she looks at this minute.

"Do I want to kill myself?" she says with a mocking smile, not looking at him. "I am not sure. Perhaps on the whole it would be the best solution of all my difficulties."

"Of all your difficulties?" he echoes, coming closer to her—so close that looking down he can see the rise and fall of each breath as it comes. "Tell me what they are? Tell me how Lord Aveling has dared to come back to you, when only last night you assured me that you had sent him away forever?"

She raises herself up, and stands facing him in the moonlight.

"He has come back," she answers, in a voice that is as low and passionate as his own, "because he loves me—or fancies he does, which" (with a bitter smile) "comes to the same thing. You have always despised me—well, now I am going to merit your contempt; I am going to—marry him."

"To marry him!" he cries with a voice so loud and scornful that it seems to echo through the silent night. "Are you out of your mind? Do you know what sort of misery you are preparing for yourself?"

"No—I do not know," she answers, lifting her heavy white eyelids and fixing her large sad eyes upon him. "I cannot tell what sufferings lie before me. I only

know" (speaking in quick and shaken tones) "that those that I am enduring now—at this present moment—always—are beyond my power—I cannot bear them any longer."

"If you have no consideration for your own good name—no pity on yourself," he says in a voice that is rough and hard from excess of feeling—"have you none for those who care for you?"

"For those who care for me?" (with a most bitter smile curving the corners of her mouth).

"If you doubt every one else!" he says, reddening hotly in the moonlight, "you cannot doubt that Dorothy has always loved you, and thought well of you."

"Until you came between us," (still with the same undisguised bitterness).

"Then," he says quickly, "if you have no pity for her—have some for me."

"For you!"

This time she laughs outright, only he understands that the laugh is very near a sob.

"Yes, for me. Strange and ridiculous as it appears, you have led me to believe that my conduct—my harsh and unjust judgment of you—has helped to drive you to desperation. The idea is insupportable to me," he goes on feverishly, recklessly, "I could not endure it—and live! Listen!" (stretching out his hands to her), "if I have been rude and offensive to you—unjust and harsh, I apologize to you with all my heart—with all my heart I offer you my sympathy, my pity, my respect."

"They come too late," she says coldly, turning away from him. "They can do me no good now. I have given my word. I shall marry Lord Aveling. I dare say" (with a wretched smile) "I shall make him as good a wife as he deserves."

The defiance and resistance in her look and her voice are as fire to the fuel that has been so carefully laid during these last few days. For the space of a moment honor and dishonor—right and wrong—hang in the balance—one against another. Then he loses his head utterly.

"You shall not marry him!" he cries with sudden violence, laying his hand on her arm with a force that hurts her. "I will find some way to prevent it—I will move heaven and earth to stop it!"

"You!" she says, turning with a sudden gleam in her eyes. Then it dies away into a cold smile. "It is unfortunate," she says with a quiet irony, "that there is no one in the world who has a

right to control me, or what I do — least of all *you*."

"You will find that my will is stronger even than yours," he answers with unrestrainable passion. "You shall not marry him — I swear that you shall not! I will kill you first!"

She turns suddenly and stands facing him — while a look of indescribable sweetness and triumph and passionate gladness creeps slowly over her beautiful face, irradiating it, as with a glory, from brow to lip.

"Ah!" she cries, with a long-drawn sobbing breath, stretching out her hands to him with an unspeakable tenderness, "you love me after all!"

For one second — only one — he holds her in his arms. Yet all the years of his life he will not forget the touch of her soft, warm hands, the faint, sweet smell of the roses dying at her breast — never forget either the change in her face, from an emotion as intense and as passionate as his own, to a cold blank dismay.

He is only conscious that the moment for which he has bartered most of the things he holds dear and all the goodly years and days of untroubled happiness that such a little while ago had seemed to lie before him — has passed. She has dropped his hands, and started away from him with an inarticulate cry.

He sees, as one awakening into cold daylight from a bewildered dream, that Lord Aveling is coming through an open window with a warm shawl in his hand, and the small, fine smile that he has always found so detestable on his lips — and he turns on his heel with a bitter curse and leaves her to meet him alone.

But they neither of them know, and there is no one to tell them, that for the space of a second or so — at the very moment when he had held Miss Roche in his arms — Dorothy herself, coming to the window to beckon her lover in, had stood there — and seen them.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE BOERS AT HOME.

"BUT one heart beats from Table Mountain to the banks of the Limpopo." Such were the words of President Burgers when addressing a crowd of sympathizers on his way towards the Transvaal Republic. And they were true; for excepting some English settlements, isolated and relatively small, south Africa is peo-

pled by but one white race, of mingled French and Dutch descent, having in common the same language, habits, and religion, and being by perpetual intermarriage all brothers, cousins, or near kinsmen — the Boers.

It thus happens that when I describe one south African village in the far interior I describe them all, whether built in the vast Karroo, the Orange Free State, or the Transvaal. There will be differences in the local surroundings of each, according as they lie amid the sands of Namaqualand, the greener wastes beyond the Vaal River, or the deserts everywhere else; but the people inhabiting them are the same, and the local institutions are alike. At the present time, when the Transvaal Boers are in rebellion against us, it may be interesting to know something more respecting the customs, modes of thought, and ways of living of their race than is to be met with in the guide-books or in the notes of those who have passed a few brief weeks in the show places and the busier centres of our south African colonies. As a contribution towards this knowledge I am about to picture a village — for village it is usually called although the seat of a magistracy and the capital of a division — which was founded by Boers, is almost entirely inhabited by them, and which has a local self-government of its own. In a population of six hundred there are not a dozen Englishmen, nor a dozen other Europeans of any kind, although the Germans rival the English as to numbers. The place is, therefore, racy of the soil. Scarce thirty years old, grey-headed men amongst its founders can remember the days when they fought with Bushmen and had adventures with lions. Its annals are brief. Like many of its congeners it had its origin in the spiritual needs of a people who profess but one form of religion — the Presbyterian — and that religion the very leaven of their lives. Similar "Church towns," as they are called, are still established ever and anon. The process is a simple one. Weary of living two days' journey from a place of worship, the farmers of a region large as an English county resolve to build one in their midst. They memorialize their presbytery and raise funds. A farm is bought. Now a farm means a tract of ten thousand acres, often of more, with a spring upon it. This forms the site and commonage of the future town. A suitable spot is surveyed and marked out in streets and squares. Lots are sold on

some great auction day, after a series of religious services. The bidding is enthusiastic, and fancy prices are realized. With the sum thus raised, in the present instance something over £20,000, a church, parsonage, and schoolhouse are erected, and the foundation of a good endowment fund is started. Each lot or *erf* is charged with an annual payment for Church purposes; and thus, whilst European politicians are busy abolishing tithes and endowments, rising communities in south Africa are as busily creating analogous imposts. There is also a rent charge for water service—an important item in a land so desiccated as the Cape. Some of these lots, intended for building purposes only, are dry and barren, whilst others have an hour's right to an irrigating stream of water twice weekly, and will soon be fruitful gardens. The purchasers are mostly Boers, who will build town houses wherein to lodge when they ride in to church, once or twice a month, from their distant farms, with a large posse of servants and children; but some are storekeepers,—often German Jews,—and some artisans, who buy with a view to future trade. A small army of brick-makers, bricklayers, carpenters, and painters makes its appearance in due time, and retreats again to some more favored spot a few years later, when the first fervor of building has passed away. A minister sufficiently young and sufficiently popular receives a call. After due delay, sometimes after delay deemed very undue and unreasonable, government appoints a resident magistrate, who is also civil commissioner, with a suitable staff, including a clerk, a district surgeon, a gaoler, and some Kafir constables; and the town thus established pursues an existence at once useful, uneventful, prosy, and dull.

I have spoken of the place as peopled by Boers; I should rather have said by Boers and their colored retainers, who, as a matter of fact, outnumber their masters, and form a servile class as utterly separate as tradition or social custom can make them; but who are, from the contact of many generations, imbued with the same ideas, and who flatter the superior race by an imitation that is simply perfect. But between the two there is a gulf which is impassable. The whitest half-caste would not presume to seat himself in the presence of the Boer, nor the poorest Boer demean himself by marrying the prettiest half-caste. Neither do they worship together in the same churches; nor are they buried in the same cem-

eteries. In one case only that I can now recall, that of a Kafir of special and exemplary piety, did a Boer congregation follow a negro to his grave. This was, however, dug in an open common, and the funeral proceeded from an outhouse.

Of similar ancestry, and often of near kindred to the Boers, but of better education and relatively better birth, are the Afrianders who hail from Capetown and the western districts, and who form the professional classes, the leading merchants, and the gentry of the colonial born. Some, descendants of the Huguenots, bear the proudest surnames of old France, and some count early governors and half-forgotten judges amongst their forefathers. Such men will show you ancient seals engraven with their coats of arms, and tell quaint legends of the *land-roos* or physician, the major or the chaplain, who owned it in the days when the colony was young. True, every white man born in civilized south Africa claims to be an Afriander, but in the more restricted sense of the word it applies especially to the older colonists of the better classes. Some of these are found amongst the leading spirits of every township, often amongst leading officials. Dutch is the language spoken in their households, and the Boers regard them with an affection and respect which in the very nature of things could scarcely be accorded to the English settler, who comes amongst them a stranger and a foreigner at best.

Our village lies alone in the wilderness, a long day's journey from its nearest neighbor. A broad fringe of mountains passed, and the whole interior of the colony and the country far beyond its borders forms one great desert of stones and dull red soil, with small, hard bushes grey or brown, scattered scantily about it. Here and there rise ugly hills or ugly mountains, black or russet as the case may be. This country is parcelled out into farms larger than English parishes, varying, as they do, from six thousand to twenty thousand acres of land. Each farm has its one spring of water where the homestead lies, and, if the spring be strong enough, a garden and cultivated land which it irrigates. There are rivers so dry that no drop of moisture can be found within their beds, and yet so large that the bridging them is expensive to the point of prohibition; so deep and rapid when it rains that no living creature can cross them. Along these rivers in the warmer, low-lying districts stand thou-

sands of mimosa-trees; leafy sometimes, when rain falls and the right season has come; but bare otherwise, and with innumerable thorns as long as bodkins and sharp as skewers. Then, again, you come to patches of ground, an acre in size or more, smooth and bald through lack of vegetation, nothing growing in the saline clay; a soil absolutely waterproof, and used for roofs of houses and leaking dams accordingly. The roads are tracks across the country, made by wheels of passing wagons, but patched and improved by the contractors, good, indifferent, or bad,—mostly the latter,—employed by the divisional councils. As it seldom rains, these roads are very tolerable after all, save where deep rivers have to be crossed or where picturesque scenery has made the engineering difficult. Following a highway like this, we come, say, in the summer, when the leaves are green, upon the village I would speak of. Tired with neutral tints and the perpetual waste, the eye lights gladly upon a gardened hamlet lying four-square on the barren plain. There are many fruit trees, interspersed with willows and an occasional cypress, which half conceal low, one-storied houses, and a steepled church, white and stiff, of meeting-house Gothic and with iron roof. Beyond this line of herbage is the business quarter; red brick houses mostly, and bare, earthy, reddish streets. And farther off, with sufficient space for wind between it and the town's nobility, a negro location of beehive huts, backed by a quarry on a hillside and a tomb-like structure which forms the powder magazine. The village is flanked by a white-walled graveyard, and the water-furrow leading from the distant river may be noted by a narrow line of verdure. It is overlooked by a well-marked eminence, whose lichened boulders are a rusty brown, and whose top is dominated by a flagstaff.

We enter this oasis, whose vegetation is due to constant irrigation, and see lines of well-kept streets, bordered with quince hedges bending beneath a wealth of large, yellow fruit, and with watercourses on either side. The streams are intermittent, for every drop of water is meted out to the gardens, each plot of ground having its special hour, day and night, alternately; unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. In the dry allotments sold for building purposes reside the half-dozen Englishmen and the half-dozen Germans who do the business of the place. There are stores, not much

to look at, with ploughs and agricultural machinery standing on the *stoep*, or pavement, outside them, and with everything that Boer humanity can require to be sold within. Great bales of wool are piled up in a shed adjacent, and skins of divers kinds of cattle, salted and stretched, lie drying on the ground. Somewhat ambitiously planned, this portion of the town is but partially built upon, unsightly gaps separate many of the best houses, and some erections stand distant and solitary, dreary sentinels that mark the direction of future improvements. Here is the court-house, one-storied like its neighbors, in whose inner chambers the resident magistrate and his clerk peruse much periodical literature, newspapers included, and dream of higher salaries and less exacting duties. In the audience chamber or court-room, a bare, whitewashed basilica indeed, sits, amidst piles of newspapers, the chief constable, conjuring up, in his turn, visions of less work and better pay. On the *stoep*, which is a kind of terrace, paved, but very unpretending, before each house, in policeman's clothing, spick and span, reposes a Kafir constable, tall, stalwart, and handsome in his way, but exercised, so far as his easier philosophy will permit, with speculations anent the less tardy accumulation of the wages he delights in hoarding, and the amelioration of hardships generally. Far be it from me to hint that the even tenor of official life is never varied by stormier passages. Sometimes there are taxes to be collected; sometimes thefts or breaches of the peace to be investigated; now and then a murder; and once a month accounts are made up, and all kinds of salaries paid, when the hapless officials groan beneath the extra work, and, greatly worried, reduce to order a chaos of ledgers, abstracts, vouchers, and reports.

The administration of justice under English rule is much the same in south Africa as it is everywhere else. The thief has a bad time of it, the murderer stands his chance, and the ruffian comes off scot free, or thereabouts. Public business is transacted in the English language, and the sworn translator is a necessary functionary at every sitting of the court. This is one of the events of the week, and, next to services and prayer-meetings, the favorite resort of *dilettante* Boers, who sit patiently through long-winded investigations, and find, in the dull but living scenes enacted in this humble forum, a faint reflection, though they know it not, of excitements yielded by the drama.

The resident magistrate, who is often of Africander and sometimes of Boer descent, is mostly popular, and may even share a divided empire with the *predikant* of the adjoining church. In the majority of cases the district surgeon is a young Cape doctor or a German, and not unfrequently a Jew. The very frequent transfer of property arising from the old Roman-Dutch law of inheritance, which divides estates amongst the children at the death of either parent, has given rise to a race of inferior lawyers known as "enrolled agents," whose one and sometimes only qualification is the preliminary payment of ten pounds sterling to the government. Some of these agents are respectable Afrianders of good family and education, but local satirists have made themselves merry at the early struggles and the ultimate success of less eligible pretenders. Conceive our land flooded with quasi-solicitors of this description! Still, as a matter of fact, they do get through their work somehow, live like gentlemen, as the saying is, and often end as moneyed men, or consummate an insolvency which is as good almost as a fortune.

I have said but little of the Boers themselves. Let us visit one of the many homesteads in the gardens. The white-walled house, although but one-storied, is well elevated, and its roof is iron. Outside shutters of a pleasant green flank the two windows, and the door between them is green and panelled. There is, indeed, some pretence to architecture, and the whole is well-kept and substantial. The *stoep* is high and approached by steps. The watercourse beneath it is masoned out with solid stone and bridged with the same material. Leafy trees of divers sorts shade the place and the stables and outhouses in its rear. We enter a *voorstuif*, or front room, very lofty and but slightly furnished. Its walls are lined by benches, and a table stands in the middle. There are pictures, it may be, very quaint and old-world; scenes in the life of the prodigal son, or limnings of the manger at Bethlehem, or the cross on Calvary. A new piano may be noted, and a good harmonium, and pious books with Dutch titles lie scattered about. And there are flowers on table and on mantelpiece, photographs and albums, for there are daughters in the house. In some place of honor lies a great old Bible, a massive folio bound in leather and with brass clasps; it is printed in foreign-looking type on ancient-looking paper, and full

of the strangest pictures that ever delighted the antiquary or mystified the child. A companionable book upon a dull occasion, but disappointing, inasmuch as its date discovers it to have been printed but the other day. Spittoons stud this chamber's floor, for it is the great reception-room, and visitors sit round it and smoke their pipes at times and seasons of conference and waiting; and many such times there be.

At the back of this *voorstuif* is the dining-room, entered by large and even handsome folding-doors. In both apartments the walls are painted light blue, or green, or mauve; in both the ceiling is raftered and wooden, varnished and dark. The great feature of the dining-room, apart from the usual furnishings, is a small table near the window, with a chair on either side. Upon this table stands a coffee-urn with chafing-dish beneath it; and the day has scarcely turned before this urn begins to steam and to bubble. On its dexter side is seated the lady of the house, who pours out coffee for all comers, and, with feet well planted on a box-like footstool, rules and manages her household. Children play around her, a colored girl sits watchful at her feet, and at favorable moments her lord and master occupies the corresponding chair, utters familiar maxims and remarks, and his friend, sitting hard by, carries on an intermittent conversation between wary mouthfuls of the scalding beverage. He is a well-built man, not unlike the English farmer of our early days, but more sallow and less cheery, more Puritanical and staid. His ancestors came from France and Holland, but in this wondrous climate of the Cape, perchance for animal life the finest under the sun, their offspring have developed into a race *sui generis*, nobly grown and quite unlike the typical Hollander or Frenchman. We converse in Dutch, the only language he cares to speak, although his children are apt scholars in the English tongue, and by-and-by he takes us into his garden.

A shady place this is, with groves of peach-trees, apricots, and almonds, a stray apple-tree here and there, and pears, walnuts, and nectarines, all in excellent bearing. Here a vineyard, there a patch of tall Indian corn rising far over our heads. At our feet a wilderness of gourds and water-melons — a veritable "garden of cucumbers." There are white-hearted cabbages which would fill a bucket, and cauliflowers that would puzzle a boiler to cook them; enormous potatoes, and

carrots large as our mangold-wurzel. Scarcely a weed to be seen: the ground was a desert before the water came there, and grows only what is planted there by man. Twice weekly the place is carefully flooded, and our friend rises in the middle of the night for one of these hebdomadal spells of water-leading. The region is hereabouts too cold for oranges, but in many a district from Capetown to the far Transvaal these beautiful and fruitful trees lend a romance and pleasantness of their own to the orchards of the Boers.

The poorer Boer lives in a humbler dwelling, with floors of hardened mud consolidated by frequent washings of liquid cow-dung. His rooms are ceiled with reeds laid cunningly on rough beams of yellow-wood. The attic beneath his comfortable thatch is a very storehouse of vegetable products, dried and housed for winter use. His furniture is ruder and of home construction. His walls are whitewashed, and in shelved recesses stand favorite pieces of crockery, mysterious bottles, and well-thumbed books of devotion. He spends his leisure in making boots of untanned leather, which he sews together with the sinews of animals which he has previously prepared for the purpose; and in mending the bottoms of his chairs and benches with leather thongs he has also manufactured to that end.

In the Boers we have the remarkable spectacle of a nation holding but one religion, strict conformity to which is essential to respectability of any sort; whilst the devotee or active professor alone can hope for social leadership among them. In the district of which our village is the only town there are three thousand souls. On the occasion of a revival some years since, a religious paper stated there were but fifty persons of the number who had not been converted. The district was founded in order to support a place of worship, and the village is known technically as a "Church town." A scoffing European suggested it should bear a kirk rampant for its coat of arms. Nine thousand pounds were expended on the church and parsonage. The former much resembles a Dissenting chapel, but is dignified by steeple and bell, and by a town clock which strikes the hours. At a cost of £500 and more an organ was added. The purchase was made in Germany. At a cost of £200, again, the building was lighted with hanging lamps. The parsonage—*pastorie* is the local word—large,

low, convenient, and handsome, stands in a garden, with long, vine-roofed walks and peaches of admirable flavor. The Dutch minister or *predikant*—often a man of good Cape family who has studied at Utrecht or at Leyden—is the spiritual leader and director of his flock, subject only to the mild and hesitating control of his deacons and his elders. No English rector enjoys a higher social status. A bishop of Grahamstown, witnessing the comfort and the unlimited influence of such an one, ejaculated almost unconsciously, "You are little popes." Not only are the ministers great men, but ecclesiastical discipline reigns supreme. Woe to the unlucky couple who have married too tardily for absolute propriety, to the young man who has been sowing wild oats, or to the jolly old fellow who has taken a glass too much! One and all are hauled up before the Consistory, in full conclave assembled, and publicly censured and punished. An accused person whom the solicitor-general had refused to prosecute for lack of evidence was summoned before the *Kerkrad*, witnesses were examined, and the culprit was regularly tried and condemned.

Church and people being thus identical, the first-class undenominational school is really a very denominational institution indeed. The head-master with his £350 a year, the head-mistress with her £200 or more (a young lady from Capetown, who is sure to be persuaded into matrimony by some ardent and eligible bachelor, almost before the year is out), and their subordinates are managed and chosen to all intents and purposes by the Dutch congregation and its leaders. Nor could it well be otherwise. To the Boer stripping, even to the Boer child, school-going is a passion—a relief, it may be, from the monotony of home. Holidays are deplored, and the end of a vacation is hailed with delight. Dullards there are, of course, but some of the pupils make admirable progress. Some aspire to the ministry, and the university of Capetown is besieged by eager candidates from the haunts of the springbok and the ostrich. Young girls, too, some very sweet and lovable, more enthusiastic than their brothers, proceed to local examinations, and pass with *éclat*. Learning is the fashion, and a good one; and the professions begin to teem with scions of Boer houses who have sought pursuits more ambitious and eventful than the watching of harvests or the herding of sheep.

The colored people have a minister

and a chapel to themselves, nominally autonomous, but practically managed and mostly paid for by the Boers. Their services are more emotional and often more interesting than those of their pale-faced masters. Their minister is a kind of curate, socially inferior to the *predikant* of the Boer congregation; nor is he permitted to ascend the pulpit of the white man's church. He, too, has his elders, deacons, and churchwardens — Kafirs, Hottentots, or the mixed descendants of Malay slaves. Now these poor negroes have a passion for religious worship and for school. You will see men and women seated amongst the children, slate in hand; and boys and girls give up everything for their lessons. Servants will desert you at the school-hour and neglect their duties to con their spelling-books. The tyranny of some of their teachers is almost worthy of a school board, but it is backed by the scholars themselves, and the much-enduring employer of labor has only to grin and bear it as best he can.

Foremost among the local magnates is the wealthy landowner — a Boer, as are all the up-country landowners, but whose intelligence, hospitality, and common sense would be a credit to any nationality. He owns a first-class house in the town, which he inhabits on Sundays, coming on the Saturday with his entire family and riding off again on the Monday; a house which rivals his country residence in the excellence of its furniture and appointments. All kinds of people call to ask his advice or his assistance, to do business or to evidence their friendship. All drink his coffee, shake hands round the circle of his family, and call him "uncle" or "cousin" as the case may be; and with show of reason too, for the district is peopled by his kindred. The town is filled with such houses, whose closed shutters have a dreary aspect all the rest of the week. Such a rushing and plunging of horsemen, a rumbling of wagons drawn by trains of oxen, a whirling of tented carts, as Saturday comes round; such buying and selling in the stores; such throngs of men and women in the streets, where grass would grow at other times if the growth of grass were possible in such a desert; such crowded services at church; such crowded and hearty prayer-meetings; such pleasant converse at those evening gatherings on the *stoeps*; such thrilling love passages between the young and such cordial greetings amongst the old; such fuss, noise, sensation, and

life as we have long forgotten in these old and jaded communities of Europe.

The local supervision of the township is entrusted to a municipality, founded on European traditions and provided with regulations which have had the previous sanction of the government. Here again the members, from the chairman to the town clerk, are Boers and Afrianders. The large town lands are admirably managed. No one can quarry stone or dig sand without a license. Each householder is allowed to depasture so many sheep, horses, or oxen, and no more. Special laws are enacted respecting ostriches and pigs. Sanitary requirements are not forgotten. But the great bone of municipal contention, if contention there be in so peaceful and united an assembly, is the control of the water supply. A special contractor keeps in working order the trench or canal which conveys a stream some two miles long from the higher level of the distant river bed; a stream on which depends the very existence of the town. Unpleasant for this functionary it is when the water-course, which winds sometimes along hill-sides and sometimes in deep cuttings, becomes choked with sand, or breaks its bank, or gets too palpably full of frogs and weeds. The public are aggrieved, and it is easier to worry a subordinate than to have it out with a drought or a water flood. Then there is a pound filled sometimes with stray cattle, and there are rather lively sales when the said cattle remain unclaimed. Gangs, too, of prisoners have to be superintended, who clean and level the streets and construct earthworks and dams. A municipality, slow but honest, of well-to-do middle-class men, untroubled by the warfare of politicians or the hectoring of demagogues.

Such, then, is a Boer village from Aguilas to Kuruman, from Capetown to the Portuguese frontier. In some the European population is much larger; in some anti-English feeling is more intense. In the Transvaal Republic the *landrost* took the place of the resident magistrate, Dutch was the language of the government as well as of the people, and the negroes were more palpably an inferior and subject race; but there the distinction ended. English communities of any size are only to be met with in the coast districts around Algoa Bay, in Natal, and at the Diamond Fields. British rule is fairly tolerated, if we except the older divisions about Capetown and the widespread settlements beyond the

a distance of about three miles from this spot; and here, in one of the hollows, they had hired an old deserted house, built centuries ago by the Medici as a stronghold and hunting-box, which they had fitted up and put into habitable condition as a summer retreat from the heats of Florence. Originally the house was flanked by two tall towers, and was castellated in form; but within the last few years the present government, caring little for the picturesque, and apparently seeking rather to obliterate than to preserve the traces of the past, has cruelly and for no sufficient reason levelled the two towers and razed the upper story: so that the house is now a square, unpicturesque, but solidly-built construction in stone, two stories high, and with walls massive enough to resist the assault of anything but modern cannon. Here my friends had made their summer home, far from all society and neighbors, to enjoy freedom, solitude, and the silence and charm of nature. There is no highway to lead the wandering tourist to their doors, and only friends who are willing to brave a long, romantic mountain path practicable but to foot-passengers, or donkeys, or *treggie*, find their way to this solitary spot. These *treggie* are merely the rudest kind of sledge, made of two long, solid planks, with a seat midway, which are trailed along the ground by patient, slow-moving oxen. No carriage on wheels could possibly bear the shock and strain of these rough roads, if roads they can be called, which rather resemble the rock-strewn ways worn by mountain torrents. So one is not liable to morning calls in the latest of Worth's dresses, God be thanked; but the foot-passenger in stout boots and country dress is amply repaid for his walk, whether he come by the way of Podere Nuovo on the north, along a winding path through the woods, or by the monastery on the south, by a road commanding the loveliest and largest views over an exquisite and varied valley strewn with far-gleaming villages and towns, bounded by swelling outlines of hills or mountains, one rising after another against the soft sky. There, far away in the misty distance, can be seen the vague towers and domes of Florence; and through the valley the Arno and the Sieve wind like silver bands of light, through olive-colored slopes and vineyards that lie silent in the blue haze of distance, spotted by wandering cloud-shades, and taking every hue of changeful light from the pearly gleams of early morning to the

gorgeous golden transmutations of twilight and the deep intensity of moonlit midnight. Nearer, magnificent chestnuts through the autumnal slopes, their yellow leaves glowing in the autumn sun. Sombre groves of firs, marshalled along the hillsides for miles, stand solemn and dark. Beech-trees rear at intervals their smooth trunks, or gather together in close and murmurous conclave. The lower growth of gorse, and broom, and brush, and feathered fern roughen the hills, where the axe has bereft them of their forest growth; and in every direction are wild, enchanting walks through light and shadow, alluring us on and on for miles. Here and there columns of wavering blue smoke tower and melt away into the soft sky, where the charcoal-burners are at work. Little brooks come trickling down at intervals, finding their devious way among the rocks and leaves, and singing to themselves a low and silvery song. Now and then a partridge whirrs up beneath your feet, or a whistling woodcock suddenly takes flight, or a startled hare with up-cocked tail may be seen tilting through the underbrush, or a sly fox steals cautiously away. These foxes, which are very numerous, are the bane of the place. They destroy the ground game; and as it would not be possible to hunt them with hounds over this wild and rugged country, they are here merely a pest, and hateful to sportsmen. Were it not for them and poachers (who, indeed, are comparatively few), the game ought to be most abundant; for the whole country is government property, fairly well preserved by the forest guards, and none but a privileged few are permitted to shoot over it. Small birds, however, of every kind abound, and the woods are musical all the spring and early summer with their happy song. Here at Vallombrosa itself they are protected against their bitterest enemy, man, and from the unsportsman-like devices of net and snare, which are prevalent elsewhere throughout Italy. But on the confines these are freely practised; and the government grants to a very limited extent, and for the small annual tax of fifteen francs, the right of snaring by means of the *paretaio*, as it is called. This is a long, low, narrow erection, some six feet high in front, and covered with a roof sloping down to the ground behind. The front is pierced with slits for outlook; and within, the sportsmen, if they are to be honored by such a name, hide themselves. It is placed generally on open ground, with a square, open space before

it, so as to be exposed to the sight of all birds. In this space a number of caged singing-birds are set at intervals, to attract by their song all other wandering birds. On either side of this square extends flat along the ground a framed net, concealed often by brushwood and seeded plants, and connected with the inside of the *paretaio* with cords, by which they are worked. Attracted by the murmur and flutter of the caged birds, gradually all the others in the vicinity gather about the place and descend to the ground—curious, apparently, to investigate the meaning of this strange construction and to make inquiries. When a sufficient number are thus inveigled, the cords are suddenly drawn, and the nets shut instantly together over the space, entrapping the poor unfortunates. Sometimes in one of these *paretiai* a hundred little birds will be taken in a day; and whatever they are, large or small, they go to the spit or the pan, and find a place on the table.

But at Vallombrosa, despite these snares, the woods are enlivened by the song of many a bird in summer: and now, in the mid-autumn, they still echo to the shrill scolding of the jay; the piping of the thrush, blackbird, and chaffinch; and the cheeping notes and trills of the lesser tribes. Squirrels swing from bough to bough, and run up the tall trunks. Grasshoppers flutter about, and spreading their grey shards, show the gleam of blue wings beneath. And there is busy insect life swarming, buzzing, and whispering everywhere in the woods. If one could only know what they are saying! "To one who has been much in city pent" it is a pure delight, on bright autumnal days in late October, to wander through the woods and along the hillsides of Vallombrosa, vaguely, without object, dreaming, listening, at one with nature; now climbing through the tangled gorse, up steep rugged declivities, or lingering where the roaring torrent dashes down its turbulent sheets of foam; now following the track of some mountain stream through beech groves; now lying at rest under some golden chestnut—whose spiny burrs, showing the dark and polished nuts within their cloven husk, strew the rough grass underneath—and gazing out over the rolling distance below, so silent and lovely; now treading the brown, soft carpet beneath the tall columnal firs, whose serried masts rise thickly, climbing to the light, and swaying to the breeze, and whispering to it unimaginable secrets beyond our sense to catch.

On either side of the house are silent cathedrals of firs, into which one can enter almost with a step. The summer sun pierces not through their summits; but all is cool and shadowy, and filled with a sort of dim, religious light. Straighter pillars never were raised to heaven, and finer murmurs of aspiration never were heard in any human church. What do they long for, these ever-whispering firs?

This is the country in summer days, or in the quiet days of sunny autumn; but it has its wilder days of passion and tempest, when the gale sweeps down the clefts of the Apennines, and plays a stormy music on the wondrous harp of nature. Then the whole forest roars in answer to its call, and groans and quivers in its every fibre, and rouses and wrestles with this great invisible power, and shakes abroad its tumult of leaves, and lashes to and fro its branches; and the blast with its stormy trumpeting comes up the cloven defiles, and strikes the bare, vast slopes of the shorn hills, and, roaring for battle, sweeps thundering down the valley, crowding before it a tumult of cloud and mist; and from above the heavens themselves respond with their dread artillery; and fierce and swift, the lightning plunges its quivering blade into the earth, and strikes at random into the woods, and a great crash is heard as some tall leader of the forest falls.

Well housed, then, in our solid house, we listen to it as it roars without, and beats and howls at the windows, and lashes with gusts of rain the streaming panes, and threatens us vainly as we sit before our wide chimney, heaped with logs that the storm itself hath shaken for us to the ground; and watch the tongues of darting, passionate fire leap up the black throat of the chimney, to join the stormy rout; and every now and then stop in our talk to listen, half in awe. The Spirit of the Apennines is then worth communing with. It has many a wild thing to say that it is well for us to hear—better than gossip of the city; and where can one hear it better than here in the heart of Vallombrosa?—

When the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

Then comes the winter. I shall be gone then; but the poor peasants will stay, and hear what that has to say, when all the world about is covered with its snowy shroud of silence, and far off the valley smiles, like the happy valley of Rasselas; and they will crowd about their

great, black-throated chimneys, rough with soot, where blazes their fire of chips and broken brush, and branches gleaned from the wrecks of storm in the forest, and wish and wish, and want, and sigh, and suffer. To me it might have other things to say; to them it speaks of poverty, of suffering, of hunger, of no work, and, finally, of patience. This is the only flower, perhaps, which will grow for them in winter; and it is at once one of the most precious and one of the most common flowers that grow in Italy—*pazienza*; and, poor things, they have need of it here in Vallombrosa. The wonder is to me to see their patience and their cheerfulness under the load they have to bear.

A beautiful walk of about eight miles carries us from our lonely house, through exquisite passages of scenery, through golden chestnut groves and solemn fir forests, to the ancient monastery of Vallombrosa. The road commands through its whole course the valley of the Sieve, and the rolling hills that swell and sink and rise again in ever-varying lines and masses, like the heaving of the billows in mid-ocean, and reaching far away to the horizon. Thousands of wild flowers smile along our path. The silver-tufted wild clematis climbs the shrubs. The spiring broom clusters everywhere. The wild rose, wearing now its coral hips, stretches and gropes about in the air. Daisies and buttercups, purple scabias and pale pansies, delicate bluebells, the pale-purple malva, white, broad-faced hemlock, and silvery thistles, golden arnica, autumnal cyclamen, blue corn-flowers, St. John's wort, and, in a word, all the common people of the wild flowers, enamel the rough sward. Here, too, long after the summer has passed, still hides in the grass the wild strawberry, for which Vallombrosa was famed of old.* At last we come to a small rill, which, tumbling over a rugged shelf of rocks, goes its way through a cleft of dark pines down into the plain. This is the Slatto del Diavolo, so called; for, as the legend goes, here the good saint Giovanni Gualberto, was pursued by Satan, who caught him in his claws and cast him down the declivity. But it is difficult to kill a saint, and he fell unharmed into the valley.

We now descend through a deep, dark defile of pines, where the sunshine even at high noon scarcely penetrates, save

here and there to freckle with spots of light the brown, damp carpet, a place that recalls that "deep romantic chasm" of "Kubla Khan," "which slanted"

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover,—
A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

Again climbing, we see before us the noble old monastery—placed as only the monks knew how to place a building, and commanding one of the most magnificent views that can be found even in this beautiful Italy. On one side the sloping hills are dark with miles of serried firs; on the other, they are golden-brown with glowing chestnuts; and above, forests of beeches lift their smooth trunks and climb the mountains. On a flat terrace, in the midst of all this, stands the monastery, a huge square building with inner courts, in the centre of which is the church, with its square tower lifting itself above the mass in the sun. In front is an enclosed court, laid out as a garden, and within a wall; and passing out from this through the gateway, we come upon a large enclosed basin of purest water, fed by a perennial and gushing stream, in which the monks of old kept their preserves of trout in prosperous days. Still beyond are walks through alleys of trees; and on the left, about five hundred paces from the gate, is a fountain which was once thought to possess miraculous powers of healing. "Fontis hujus aqua contra diversos dolores corporis est attributa: ibi blanda medicina confertur, sine tormento cura, sine horrore remedia et sanitas impunita," says Cassiodorus ("Variarum," lib. ii. cap. 39). Such was the number of miracles performed by this fountain, that for centuries it was visited by pilgrims, and was held holy, somewhat as the waters of Lourdes are to-day, though by a far more limited number of believers.

Here at this fountain San Giovanni Gualberto, the founder of the monastery, journeying from Florence alone in search of some retired hermitage in which to hide himself, paused one summer's day in the year 1008. He was of one of the most noble and ancient families of Tuscany—his father, Gualberto Visdomini, claiming to come from the royal race of the Carolingians (the first of his family having been created *cavaliere* by Charlemagne), and his mother being an Aldobrandini, of the direct line of Hugo, Duke of Tuscany. Indeed, according to the historian Pietro Monaldo, his ancestry went much further

* "Et vaga prata ferunt æstu redolentia fraga," says Æmylus Acerbus, in his panegyric of San Giovanni Gualberto.

back, even to the times of Catiline, from whom he directly descended. After that famous conspiracy of ancient Rome was foiled by Cicero, and its chief was driven from the city, two *congiunti* of his came to Umbria, and there established themselves. The one who came to Florence took the name of Visdomini, and was the ancestor of San Giovanni. The young Giovanni was brought up in the exercise of arms, and received the education of a gentleman. He was naturally of a fiery disposition. His early manhood had been given to wildness, worldliness, and dissipation at least, if not debauchery, and his conversion to a monastic life was sudden and remarkable. One of his friends, also a Visdomini, in a violent quarrel with his brother Hugo, lost all command of himself, and in a sudden fit of passion plunged his dagger into Hugo's breast and killed him on the spot. Giovanni, furious at his assassination, swore to avenge it. Visdomini fled, and for a time Giovanni pursued him in vain; but at last, on the morning of Good Friday, in the year 1003, as he was going escorted by his body-guard to Florence, they met in a narrow pathway in the forest, escarped on either side with high rocks, where there was no escape. Drawing his sword, Giovanni told him to prepare for instant death; but his opponent, instead of defending himself, dropped on his knees, and spreading out his arms and hands in the form of a cross, besought Giovanni to remember the day, to spare his life, and to grant him that mercy which otherwise he himself might vainly sue for in another life. Something there was in the mode of his prayer, and the expression, tone, and attitude of the man, which seemed to have touched to the quick the sensitive spirit of Giovanni, and operated an instant revolution of feeling and purpose. He forgave him on the spot, assisted him to rise, and dismissed him in safety with his blessing. He then at once repaired to the neighboring monastery, at San Miniato, and there prostrated himself before a crucifix in prayer. As he gazed up, the figure of Christ bent his head to him, as if in approval of his act of clemency. The miracle so affected him that he at once went to the abbot, solemnly abjured his former life and courses, and begged to enter the confraternity as a brother monk. The abbot at first refused to receive him, fearing the rage of his father, but finally consented, and Giovanni then took the religious vows in April, 1004. From this time forward he was no longer the same

man, but distinguished himself by his humility, piety, and devotion to his new calling, and soon acquired so great a reputation and influence, that on the death of the abbot in 1008, he was unanimously chosen to take his place. This office, however, he could not be induced to accept, declaring himself, in his humility, to be unfitted for it in any way — by all his previous life, by his personal wishes, by his general incapacity to guide others — and stating that his own desire was rather to seek some peaceful and solitary hermitage, where he might spend his life in silent self-communion, in prayer, as a hermit afar from men and from the possibilities of ambition. Filled with these sentiments, he soon after left the convent, and wandering forth on his solitary way from Florence, ascended the lonely hills of Vallombrosa. Here, weary and thirsting from his hot walk, he stopped beside the fountain which afterwards acquired such celebrity: the cool waters refreshed him; and enchanted by the magnificent prospect which opened before him, he here determined to stay, persuaded that this was to be the end of his wanderings, to which the hand of God had led him. The forest gave him shelter and food sufficient for his wants; the cool, clear spring poured its perennial waters for his drink; and against the fear of serpents and wild animals, which then infested the woods, he found a defence in prayer. In the neighborhood were two hermits named Paolo and Guntelmo, who had here established themselves, and were living in two miserable huts. These joined him almost immediately; and little by little, though against his will at first — for he desired rather to live in solitude — there gathered about him a small company of monks and hermits. They built a series of rude huts for shelter — in front of each of which was planted a cross, to conjure away demons and wild beasts — erected in the centre a place of prayer, and enclosed the whole with a circular wooden paling. Among the enemies which surrounded San Giovanni, or which he imagined to surround him, were wild beasts and demons; but his most serious and palpable foes were the bands of robbers who here found refuge, and who did their utmost to drive him thence by threats and assaults. The little community were beaten cruelly at times, their huts were torn down, and death threatened if they remained. But all was vain. They made no defence, suffered in silence, prayed for their enemies, returned good for evil,

fed them in want, tended them when ill, and finally thus overcame them, and were left in peace.

The fame for sanctity of their leader—or prepositor, as he was called at first—spread throughout the land. The nobles of the surrounding country gave him aid and protection, granted him lands, and advanced him means to build a church. The emperor Conrad II., with the empress Gisela and all the court, paid him a visit, and, touched by the piety and poverty of the little community, made them large presents. Gifts and grants of land poured in on all sides. Among the chief donors may be mentioned specially the Abbess Itta (head of the convent of St. Hillario); the Counts Guidi, who were the direct descendants of Otho I., and the principal owners of the land thereabouts; afterwards the famous Countess Matilda, who conferred special honors and grants upon them; and the republic of Florence, which not only remitted all taxes upon the monastery, but also gave lands and favored it in every way. The place was then called Acquabella and Acquabuona, and it was not until long after that it received the name of Vallombrosa. The life led by the monks was half claustral and half eremitical, and their penances and self-inflicted privations almost intolerable. At times they scarcely ate anything, reducing themselves to the point of starvation, and treating even a drink of pure water as a luxury not always permissible. One loaf of bread a day was divided among three; and often this was made simply of *crusca*, the husks of the grain: and when this was wanting they lived on roots, and wild herbs, and nuts, and whatever they could pick up in the woods. But these penances, they at last found, were beyond human strength and resistance, and they came to the conclusion that God could not require of man more than man could bear. Still they practised extreme abstemiousness, strove in every way to drive out the demon of desire, that, despite their utmost efforts, would possess them, and endeavored to be chaste, virtuous, and unselfish. Above all, they practised hospitality from the very first, devoting themselves to good offices for the poor, and administering all their means to the succor of the miserable and suffering. One of their penances was to plunge their feet in ice-cold water, and there keep them till they were nearly frozen. And thus, with prayer, reading holy books, fasting, working on the ground, and tending the sick, they passed

their lives. Finally, they adopted the complete ordinances of the Benedictines.

The benediction of God, they thought, was manifested to the prepositor, San Giovanni, by a fact they considered miraculous. The tree which grew beside his hut, anticipating the ordinary season, put forth its leaves long before all the others; shaded it during the summer with its abundant foliage; and was the last, when winter came, to shed its leaves on the ground. This was repeated year after year, and was considered a miracle, so that a wall was built about the tree, and it was consecrated and held in highest reverence. This tree was in the year 1008 full-grown; and in 1640, when Diego de Franchi wrote his “Life of San Giovanni Gualberto,” it was still flourishing, and a print of it is engraved in his biography, surrounded by a wall, and with an inscription. What is supposed to be the same tree, surrounded by a wall corresponding in appearance to the old print, is still living and flourishing after these many centuries.

The monastery grew in numbers and in fame; and the Countess Matilda, in addition to her donations, conferred upon the prepositor or prior—or abbot, as he finally was called—the title of Count of Magnale,—the same title to pass to his successors. These donations were confirmed in 1210 by the emperor Otho IV., who took the convent under his special protection, and gave the title of Marchese di Monteverde to the prior. The original hermitage (*eremo*), as it was called, was built in 1043; but as time went on, it was repeatedly enlarged and rebuilt. In the fifteenth century the cloisters were increased and a new church erected; and finally, in 1640, the façade, as it now appears, was added under the pastorate of Don Averard Niccolini of Florence, and the church and monastery enriched by pictures, statues, codices, engravings, and a large and valuable library.

Undoubtedly there might have been something to fear from the beasts of prey, wolves, and serpents with which the forest then abounded, according to tradition; but besides these, the saint himself declares in a letter—and in this he is upheld by various writers of the period—that terrible voices were heard at night all around them, which they held to be voices of demons, and phantasms of the evil one; and even a fierce dragon and basilisk threatened their lives. But all these were quelled by prayer, as they were probably evoked by the excitement

of the brain and nerves occasioned by too prolonged abstinence from food. The penances and privations of the saint himself were carried to such a point that he was subject to constant fainting-fits, to syncope, and even tetanus, so that his teeth were locked together, and he could only be relieved by prizing them apart with a knife, and administering some stimulants. In such a state it is easy to account for all these visions, which were then held to be devilish temptations. More efficacious than his prayers, seems to have been the more generous diet which at last he was forced to take, — condescending under great pressure to add to his nourishment a few ounces more of food, and at times to partake of something cooked, and even to take a fomentation of wine — inasmuch as the apostle permitted a little wine for the stomach's sake.

The great precepts of the monastery which San Giovanni preached and ordained, were charity and hospitality. In process of time the monastery grew rich with the many donations of the pious, and was enlarged, and increased in influence and in numbers. A hospital was then established for the sick, and for the poor, where medical aid was given and food supplied to those who were in need and suffering. All charities and donations they accepted in trust for those who were ill and poor; and, as it would seem, these were administered in a thoroughly Christian spirit, so that the poor and sick of all the country about blessed these monks. Besides this, in the way of hospitality they gave free lodging and food to all honest travellers or visitors for three days. The fifth part of all their revenues they devoted to the hospital. The laws of their order not permitting women to enter the monastery, they built a house expressly for them, for both sick poor and visitors, where all the obligations of charity and hospitality were performed. So the monastery became celebrated everywhere, and every one sang its praises. Vallombrosa, says Ariosto, —

Vallombrosa,
Così fù nominata una Badia
Ricca e bella nè men religiosa,
E cortese a chiunque vi venia.*

For their motto they had, says De Franchi, "Obedience to one's elders, community of life and property, concord between the brothers, and love to one's neighbors."

* Cant. 22, st. 36.

Besides keeping up the monastery at Vallombrosa, the Abbot San Giovanni applied the revenues of this property, which had now become very large, to the erection and establishment of a number of other monasteries under similar regulations, and of restoring still others which had fallen into decay. The utmost efforts of the abbot were specially directed against simony, and to insure decorum and honesty of life and doctrine. Despite his ill-health, he travelled much in search of good works to do, and to succor the poor. "*Præcipuus paupertatis amicus*" was the title given him by the writers of his time. "Well though he knew that riches are thorns" (*spine*), says De Franchi, "and that it is far better [easier?] to be without them than to fitly employ them, he ever feared, although his brethren monks held them in common, that their hearts would be impelled by them to courses averse from peace and purity. Therefore he resolved to deprive them of a portion of their riches, reserving only what sufficed for a tranquil and a happy life, and thus blessing, with the gifts that they had received from the laity, the laity and the people. In order to supply the wants of the needy, he labored himself with his old and infirm body to cultivate the land and the gardens around, thus setting an example to all other monks, and would not allow his own monastery to have riches which were not used in common and with humility of spirit." *O si sic omnes!* Well may we cry with De Franchi, "O vicissitudine delle antiche virtù! O vestigie smarrite!"

Plague and famine, and earthquake and tempest, at this time came upon Italy, and San Giovanni made a tour of visits to the various monasteries subject to his authority, to see that the hospitals were well furnished, and open to all who needed aid, reproving severely those in which he found a surplus of provisions set aside, and praising those wherein the monks had exposed themselves to suffering in order to expend their utmost means in charity. "Cur, inquit adeo abundamus, cum multis egere videamus?" To these noble sentiments and acts the world responded, and the more that was given away, the more was brought to his door. One day the monks found themselves without anything to eat except three loaves of bread. By order of the abbot a sheep was killed, and the meat was placed on the table. But all refused to eat of it, and satisfied themselves with the crumbs of bread that remained. The next morning, a number

of sacks of corn and grain, and other comestibles, were brought to their gate, and the drivers would say nothing but that it was a gift, sent by gentlemen whom they would not name. The gates of the monastery were then surrounded by the poor, and everything was given. On another occasion, when the failure of the harvest had brought much suffering to the poor, he ordered the granaries of the Monastery of St. Salvi to be opened, and every one who was in need to be supplied to the last grain. In another season of famine he sold all the sacred vases and utensils of the church, and all the priestly ornaments and dresses, to give their proceeds to the hungry. I give these particulars to show the spirit which animated this noble abbot; and between then and now the reader himself may make the comparison, and see how far we have improved on his administration.

Many are the miracles attributed to San Giovanni, but these we will leave aside. The great miracle was the goodness of the man, and the noble work he did. In the year 1073 he died, at the good old age of eighty-eight years.

The same spirit continued to govern the monastery, and his memory and precepts were held in highest honor and reverence. The monastery flourished, and grew in wealth and territory until it possessed a vast country, rich in pasture and forest, keeping up its reputation for charity and hospitality, and affording asylum and sustenance to all the poor who came to its gates. The land was well cultivated; the willing laborer always found work there; and many were the pilgrims who visited it from all parts of Europe, to all of whom it accorded a generous hospitality. Here, among others, came Milton, in the flower of his youth, to gaze on this magnificent panorama, to store his mind with images and pictures—that long remained vivid when the outer windows of his sight were closed—to study in the library, to pace the terraces, to ponder the grand poem of his later years, and to leave behind him a memory dear to all who love English poetry. The landscape is still the same as when he saw it, and the leaves strew the hillsides as thickly as when he wandered among these shady groves. His shadow walks with every English traveller through the long corridors, where once the monks who are now but dust listened to his silvery tones, and wondered perhaps at this fair youth, with long and golden hair, who came from a far-away country,

and spoke softly if brokenly in their native tongue. The charm of this place long lingered in his mind, and he apparently drew upon it for his description of Paradise in his great poem. Already, while pacing these cloisters and woods, he was meditating an epic work, the theme of which was the history of King Arthur and his knights; and in a Latin poem addressed at this time to his friend Manso, Marquis of Villa, he thus alludes to it:—

Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina
reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem !
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas; et, (O modo spiritus
adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte pha-
langes.

This, however, gradually faded from his mind, and gave place to the loftier and grander theme to which he afterwards dedicated his great powers. The impression made on his mind by Vallombrosa never left him; and perhaps it was the memory of this lovely landscape, with Florence in the distance, which rose before his blind eyes, when he wrote these lines:—

As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with pain hath
trod
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill
Which to his eyes discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis,
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his
beams.*

Among the other memories attached to Vallombrosa is that of the monk Guido—commonly called Guido d'Arezzo or Aretino—to whom we owe the modern method of notation in music, the ordination of the gamut, the arrangement of notes in lines and spaces, and the names *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, which he first gave to the notes, and which they still retain. Whether he actually resided here is open to doubt. Very little is known accurately in regard to his life. The dates of his birth and his death are only proximately established; but he is believed to have been born towards the end of the tenth

* See also "Paradise Lost," Book iii. 543, Book iv. 135. So, too, he recalls this spot in his "Epitaphium Damonis," where he says,—

"At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oborro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur valibus umbræ ;"
or where he speaks of "Flumina, fontesque vagos,
nemorumque recessus," in the same poem, his friend Carlo Deodato being the Damon of the poem.

century—in or about 995. It also seems to be established that he was a monk of Pomposa, and abbot of some convent,—whether at Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, Sta Croce d'Avellana, or elsewhere, in Italy, Germany, Normandy, is questioned: all claim him. If he resided at Vallombrosa, it must have been in the very early days of that monastery, since the original *eremo* was only built in 1043, and towards the latter part of his life. But whether or not he was here in fact, here he is in tradition at least, and his memory is associated with this place; and here we may fancy him walking through the forests, meditating his musical scheme, and chanting the hymn of San Giovanni, from the first syllables of which he took the names which he gave to the musical notes:—

Ut queant Laxis,
Re-sonare fibris,
Mi-ra gestorum,
Fa-mula tuorum,
So-lve polluti,
La-bi reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

Here also—under the shadows of these trees, and along these hills—might once be seen the august figures of the famous Countess Matilda, the Empress Gisela, the Abbess Itta, the Countess Ermellina; of the emperors Conrad II., Henry III., and the third and fourth Othos; and long afterwards, Lorenzo the Magnificent—of the popes Victor II., Alexander II. and IV., Innocent II., Pascal II. (all of whom were monks of Vallombrosa), Leo IX., and many another papal figure; of San Pietro Igneo, who here underwent the ordeal of fire, and passed unharmed through the flames; and Beato Tesoro Beccaria, the martyr; and San Torello, and San Benedetto, Uberto of the royal blood of the Longobards, and many another priest and monk of note. Here, too, lived the distinguished botanist Buono Faggi, and Father Hugford, the English Benedictine, who, in the last century, revived and improved the art of imitating marble in scagliola, and specimens of whose skill still hang on the walls of the monastery; and (as tradition says) Mattio Bandello, the author of the famous *novelle*, that rival those of Boccaccio—at least in their looseness, if not in their style; and here, too, wandered often Christofano Landini, who wrote the celebrated comments on Dante; and Francesco Berni coming from his native town of Lamporecchio, meditated those humorous and sarcastic poems that gave his name in Italy to all similar compositions.

For eight centuries this monastery flourished, and to a certain extent at least preserved its high reputation for charity and hospitality. But in the beginning of the present century a sad change came over its fortunes. The first bolt of doom fell upon it when Napoleon in 1810 swept away with a rude conquering hand the right of ecclesiastical property, confiscated most of the conventual houses, seized their possessions, and drove the monks forth to seek what refuge they could in the world. Vallombrosa was not excepted from his ban. The monastery and church were despoiled of their treasures. Its large domains were seized, and the monks themselves were forced to abandon the asylum which had been the home of their order for centuries. After the fall of Napoleon, when Austria resumed its sovereignty in Tuscany, they were reinstated as far as possible by Leopold in their rights and possessions, and again returned to the monastery. A considerable portion of their lands had, however, in the mean time, been sold, and passed into the hands of other proprietors, and this could not be reclaimed. Still a large part of it remained, and this again became theirs. Their return was welcomed by all the neighborhood, and especially by the peasants and the poor, who all had felt the benefit of their charity, and many of whom had earned their living by labor on the land. They administered the property well, and the large profit it yielded seems to have been devoted to good ends. The poor and disabled found always at the convent-doors their soup and bread. The able-bodied were hired to work in the fields, to tend the cattle and herds, to cut the trees, to gather the dead wood or the fruits of the forest, and thus they earned a fair living. If ill, they were taken care of, and found beds in the hospital, and fitting medicines free of expense.

The number of monks was in later times about one hundred and fifty, varying a little from year to year. Their lives were not as empty as the lives of most monks are; for besides their religious exercises and their studies, from which latter no particularly valuable literary results seem to have been derived, they had other outdoor duties and amusements to occupy their time and their minds.

Mounted on their donkeys or the small, nervous horses of the Maremma, they made their rounds of the woods and fields to superintend the farms, the forests, the herds; or with their guns on their shoul-

ders, and accompanied by their dogs, they pursued the game with which the place abounded.

The austerity of the early days declined as time went on, though the strict rules of the order were kept. One particular penance, however, they always continued to practise. This was to rise at one o'clock every morning, and go from their cells to the church, there to recite their prayers. The monks were genial and kindly to the peasants, and to all with whom they had intercourse, and they were universally liked. The scandal is — and it may be nothing but scandal — that they did not all observe very strenuously the strict laws of that chastity which in earlier days was enforced; and it was the belief that they were the fathers of many of the children in the neighborhood, particularly in the little village of Tosi. Whether this be true or not, it did not at all embitter their relations with the fathers, husbands, or brothers: all was certainly taken in good part, and if anything was to be forgiven, it was forgiven and smiled at. Certain it is, that whatever of this kind may have occurred, it was quite exceptional to the character and habits of the main body of the brothers, who led a simple, dignified life, and were anything but idle and useless members of society. Besides all the rest of their duties, they occupied themselves in public instruction, and founded at the monastery a seminary or college for the education of young men of rank. The Rev. John Chetwood Eustace, in his "Classical Tour through Italy," who visited the convent in the early part of this century, about the year 1810, characterizes this seminary as "excellent."

Many of the Florentine youth of rank [he says] were there at the time of our visit. Their dress is a black gown with a black collar lined and edged with white. We were present at one of their amusements, which was the Calcio or Balloon, a game of great repute both in Italy and France. Their looks and manners seemed to display the advantages, both physical and moral, of the situation.

The old belief of San Giovanni and his brother hermits as to the wild beasts, basilisks, and demons that haunt the place, does not, apparently, seem to have entirely died out even at the period when Mr. Eustace paid his visit to the monastery. One of the "good fathers," in conversation with him, told him that "during the winter, which commences here in October and lasts till May, they were buried in snow or enveloped in clouds,

and besieged by bears and wolves prowling round the walls and in the forests. '*Orsi, lupi, e tutte le peste*,' was his emphatic expression." I am afraid the good father drew largely on his imagination, or on the credulity of his listener, in these statements. I have just been in Vallombrosa in late October, and never was there a scene more enchanting and genial. The leaves were thick on the trees, and the country smiling with flowers. As for the *orsi, lupi, e tutte le peste*, I saw none, I heard of none, — unless the good father considered women as coming under the last classification, and the government guards under the first, and mistook the foxes for wolves.

Before the monastery was despoiled it possessed a remarkably interesting library, containing a considerable number of rare and valuable ancient manuscripts, and rich in ecclesiastical works. These, however, were piled pell-mell together and carried away exposed in carts, some here, some there. Many, of course, were lost; but what remain of them are now deposited among the national archives in Florence. Their paintings, some of which were of rare excellence; their treasures of plate; their elaborately embroidered vestments and altar-cloths; their sculptured figures in silver or terra-cotta, among which were some admirable bassi-relievi by Luca della Robbia, — were all taken, and the greater part of them carried to Paris or sold.* Their museum of mineralogy, which, for the period and place, was considerable, was not only scattered, but the specimens they had collected were thrown away by the roadside or in the woods as of no value, and even to the present day they are occasionally unearthed. Their pharmacy, which was celebrated, was also broken up; and a very considerable number of the beautiful old majolica vases with which it was furnished were found only last year in an antiquary's shop, and sold for almost nothing. In a word, the monastery was not only despoiled, but despoiled in the most reckless way: of all its treasures, nothing, or almost nothing, now remains.

On the return of the monks from their

* "The pictures, designs, and engravings" (says Fontani in his "*Viaggio Istoric Pittorico dell'Italia*," p. 160, 1818), "were numberless, and even to cite them, and enumerate individually one by one their merits, would be an extremely long and tiresome task. The library was rich in works adapted to sacred study, and in the learned languages, as well as in subjects relating to art and to modern philosophy. It contained also rare editions, especially of the fifteenth century, and valuable manuscripts, rich with beautiful ornamentation and miniatures."

exile, the Grand Duke Leopold did what he could to reinstate them in their possessions; but much was irrevocably lost. Of the land, as I have said, a considerable portion had been sold; and dotted here and there over this property are little fragments and corners of land owned by private persons, generally peasants. Their landed property, however, was still very extensive and productive. Taxes then in Tuscany were very light; for the government was inexpensively conducted, the country was prosperous, the revenues large, the grand duke paternal in his rule, the court simple, industry flourishing, and the cost of living slight in comparison with what it now is. Whatever political griefs the Tuscans may have had to complain of, they were not oppressed by taxes and government impositions as they now are. As the annual taxes on this property were twenty-four thousand *scudi*, it is plain that the revenues it yielded must have been very large. Reckoned at six per cent., they would have amounted to four hundred thousand *scudi*, which is more than two million francs.

How, then, was this revenue obtained? In the first place, from the forests, which yielded an immense supply of timber, that in itself was very valuable for building—being principally of chestnut, beech, and firs. What was not fitted for this purpose served as firewood. Again, the fruit of the chestnuts, enormous in quantity, brought in a very considerable sum. A great saw-mill, run by water-power, was in constant operation; and this alone, it was calculated, paid the government tax. Besides this, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were pastured here, and bred. One great farm, called the Mettata, was devoted to dairy purposes, and housed a hundred cows; another, the Porcaria, was a farm for pigs. Still others were sown with grain; and though a good deal of the land was wild and unproductive, yet a large portion was fairly well cultivated. To carry on all this a great number of persons was required; and all the laboring population found their benefit from it, as well as the towns and cities, which were thus supplied with food, and fruit, and timber.

This state of things continued until Tuscany renounced, by popular vote, its autonomy, and annexed itself to Piedmont and the young kingdom of Italy. Then came the abolition of the monastic houses, and the expropriation of all their property; and Vallombrosa, among the rest, became the public domain. The

monks were driven away, and the property is now administered by the Italian government.

For one, on principle, I protest against this violent assumption by the government—this expropriation, without fair remuneration, of monastic property. It is a clear violation of all rights of property, or all so-called rights admitted and established by the consent of all civilized nations, for *ab origine* the only right is force,—

That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can.

If a government can sequester and assume at its will, without payment therefor, all property belonging to religious bodies and communities, why can it not, on the same principle, take the property belonging to any other class—to merchants, to artists, to princes, to hospitals? Of course, it is admitted by established laws that it may, for the public necessity or benefit, take any private property, but solely on one condition, that it gives a fair remuneration for it; and this is precisely what it does not do in the case of monastic bodies. If monastic institutions are contrary to what are deemed the best interests of the State, it may abolish them; it may prohibit the establishment of such bodies for the future; it may possibly even break up those that exist: granted, but only on the same conditions which would apply to all other property held by all other bodies. There cannot justly be one law for monks and nuns as to property, and a totally different one for all other persons. This would be simply a tyrannical exercise of power, contrary to all equity, contrary to all recognized principles of law. In the case of religious corporations, their lands and houses have been given, granted, or purchased by them according to law; and it is impossible to see why they should be made an exception to all other persons, why their lands should be virtually wrested from them without adequate remuneration, and why they should be turned out into the world on a scanty pittance, scarcely sufficient to enable them to live. It is even worse in some respects for them than for any other class; for their vows, and habits of life, and religious pledges, not only render them unfit for other avocations, but disable them from assuming them. I have no special admiration for or sympathy with monastic bodies. They have undoubtedly done good work in the past, and in their monasteries for centuries

was kept alive the fire of literature, which was elsewhere almost entirely extinguished. Without them a gross darkness would have covered the world; the precious works of ancient learning would have been lost; science would have suffered total eclipse, and civilization declined. If there was a good deal of superstition mixed up with their religious doctrines, if their lives were not on the highest line of Christianity, their influence was at least humanizing. They afforded refuge and succor to the poor; they exercised the duties of hospitality; they preached and practised charity to their neighbors, and held up a higher standard of life. They showed at times rare examples of piety and good works; and at all events, whatever were their shortcomings, they were above the general level of society. Their lands and houses were solemnly and formally given to them by deed or bequest. They were as absolute owners of them by law as any other persons or bodies were of their houses and lands: and if it is now thought, on the whole, that their good work has been accomplished, and their influence is noxious, this may be a good reason, even if it be a mistaken one, for abolishing them as corporations, and restricting their powers and rights for the future; but it is not a good reason for depriving them of their possessions without proper remuneration, and making them exceptions to the laws applying to all other persons and property. Liberty and law in a properly administered country are universal in their operation. It is not one thing for one class and another for another class.

But Italy has thought differently, and has abolished most of the monastic orders, and confiscated the greater portion of their property, without that fair remuneration which would have been denied to no other class. Among other monasteries, Vallombrosa has been confiscated; and of the hundred monks who have lived and administered this large property, and studied and performed the duties of hospitality and charity, only three now remain — on sufferance — deprived of all rights of ownership.

The question is, on the whole (without regard to the justice and equity of the change), what advantage has been gained by the nation — the people at large — or the people and peasants of the neighborhood? In the matter of revenue, the nation has certainly been the loser. As we have already seen, under the administration of the monks the taxes then paid to

the government, light as taxes were then, amounted to twenty-nine thousand *scudi* or *francesconi* — equivalent to about one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs in gold — all of which was derived from the profits of one great saw-mill. At present the net income of the entire property is about forty-five thousand *lire* or francs in paper, at a discount of from ten to twelve per cent, or about sixty thousand in gross. The annual loss, then, is at least from sixty-five thousand (taking the gross revenue) to eighty thousand (taking the net revenue), as we properly should.

What advantage has been derived by the people, and the peasants and laboring classes of the neighborhood, the latter of whom depended on it for their living? Absolutely none, and worse than none. The saw-mill exists no longer. It has been done away with. There is absolutely no tillage or cultivation of the land, which lies dead and unproductive, save in its growth of forest trees. The solid stone farmhouses are all untenanted, and falling to ruin daily, save one or two which are inhabited by the guards of the forest. One of these (called the *Mettata*) is the remnant of what was formerly the centre of a large dairy farm, and gave stabling to some hundred cows. But no cows pasture there now on the grassy slopes, from which not even the hay is mown; and the greater part of the house was torn down by order of the government a couple of years ago — for what reason, it is difficult to imagine, as it was strongly built of solid stone, and would have stood there even if left alone for a century. The farm of the *Porcaria* (or *Porcheria*, as it is now more fitly called), where herds of pigs were kept, and yielded a large profit, is abolished, and the building is untenanted. Here and there are to be seen small plantations or nurseries of young trees; and this is all that is now cultivated on these miles of magnificent country. No cattle are seen or allowed; no flocks of sheep; no fields of grain; no cultivation of any kind, save a few small plantations of infant trees. All the revenue is given by nature, almost without the assistance of man. One house alone, called the *Lago*, has been reclaimed; and this was the old hunting-box of the Medici, which my friends have taken on lease, and repaired and put into habitable condition; but even this the government despoiled of its old castellated towers, which lent a picturesque and mediæval character to the building. The *Casetta*,

another old stone house, with large farms connected with it, is also utterly deserted, and left to its fate. All that remains of its former cultivation is a small patch of plantation in front. Standing there, what a magnificent prospect opens before the eye!—over the turbulent rolling waves of mountains, which lie below for many a mile basking in the sunshine, with little valleys scattered here and there, dotting the distant slopes, and Pontassieve clinging to the river-banks; and Florence, far beyond, with its towers and domes; and armies of firs and chestnuts and beeches crowding up the hillsides; and the blue smoke of charcoal-burners winding up into the tender sky; and the rugged fields alive with wild flowers—ferns, gorse, and broom.

All these farms, and fields, and herds, and forests once furnished work for the laborer and the farmer and the peasant; and their life was thus rendered comparatively easy and happy. Now there is nothing for them to do or to gain, and they are very poor and miserable. All the natural products of the woods and fields are farmed out, after the usual custom of the government, at an annual rate. These are the chestnuts which heap the ground in the autumn, and the brushwood and *débris* of the forest; and only what is left of gleanings, after the harvest, is allowed to the poor, who even pay for this a very small price. On these gleanings, for the most part, they live. And every day in the autumn you will meet them gathering the few chestnuts which remain on the ground, and tying together fascines of small brushwood and broken sticks, with which to warm themselves and cook their poor fare in winter. Once in a while they get a little work and a few sous to eke out their small store. During the summer they get along fairly well. The climate is kindly, and the woods supply them with berries, especially with raspberries and wild strawberries, which here grow in great abundance, and which they gather and sell. In the autumn there are thousands of mushrooms of every kind, which they gather and carry to the villages and towns, and there sell for almost nothing to dealers, to be sent to the city. These mushrooms are delicious, and some of them so large and succulent that one of them makes a dish by itself. Besides the common kind known to us, there are the large orange-hued *ovole*, the delicate foliated *alberetti*, the lilac-grey *porcini*, and many another, which we class among the foul funguses, avoid as poisonous,

and call by the opprobrious name of toad stools.*

These poor people rarely taste of meat; it is too expensive. Their chief food is a sort of heavy bread made of dry and ground chestnuts, or a kind of coarse grain, with beans, roots, or fruits, which they find in the woods, the nuts of the beech, and potatoes when they can afford to buy them. Nor have they much even of this fare. How they manage to live on it is to me a mystery; and a still greater mystery it seemed when they showed me the small store of their gleanings of chestnuts which they had laid up for their winter supply. Still, with all their privations, they look strong and healthy. The children were rosy and vigorous, the maidens some of them handsome, and all well-grown and erect. So also the young men were fine-looking, stalwart fellows. But age soon tells upon them; they grow old early; and when disease strikes them, they have little powers of resistance. On all their faces, after they had passed thirty, there was the pinched, sad look of patient poverty, and a certain refinement, too, of expression in their worn faces, as well as great gentleness of manner and speech—at least among those whom I saw and to whom I spoke—that awakened sympathy and respect. None of them begged, though it was plain that they were in need.

I was speaking of them one evening as we were sitting round our dinner-table, when the Marquis Fornace said of some of the peasant girls, "All are remarkably handsome, or rather, I should say, were, for I only knew the place years ago. Beppa, for instance. Beppa was a great beauty. Do you remember Beppa?" turning to our host.

"Beppa? of course I do. She was born in this very house where we are now living; and as I used frequently to shoot over this ground years ago, when I was a bachelor, many a night I have passed

* All the slopes of the Apennines abound in mushrooms, some of which are of very large size. Soldani, in his "*Guida storica*," says that in the neighborhood of Camaldoli there is a certain kind of fungus called *vesce di lupo*, globular in shape, and white within and without, which attains the weight of twenty-four Italian pounds; and he adds, in confirmation of his statement, the fact that a certain Padre Don Adelelmo, a Camaldolese monk, made him and his uncle a present of one of these *vesci*, which, when whole, weighed twenty-one pounds, and that he and his family ate it and found it excellent. This mushroom is probably the same as that described by Theophrastus (Hist. Plant., lib. i., cap. 9) as the *cranium*, on account of its resemblance to the human skull. Marsili also describes a mushroom which grows near Padua, along the Euganean Hills, which sometimes weighs twenty-five pounds.

here when she was growing up into a woman. Yes, she was handsome."

"Handsome? she was magnificent! What eyes! dark and luminous, and clear as an autumn night. Then what teeth! the pearls of Marchesini were nothing beside them. What a smile! What a figure, lithe as a willow, and full of grace! Ah, what a beauty!"

"Poet!" cried our host — "poet! He exaggerates, as all poets do. Still, there is some foundation in fact for what he says. Beppa had fine eyes and superb teeth, I admit, and was a very pretty girl. Of course, she was slender, but she was young; and all the women here are slender. Elvira, her sister-in-law, was really a beauty, and had one of those Madonna faces such as Raffaele delighted to paint, such as any painter might rejoice to have as a model — simple, sweet, refined, and peaceful."

"Ah! I never saw her," said the marquis; "but I dare say she was all you describe her to be. But Beppa, Beppa was my beauty."

"What there was besides her eyes and teeth that was charming in Beppa was a fine carelessness and thoughtlessness of bearing, a certain frank, light-hearted way she had in all her movements and speech — a sort of freedom, like a wild, natural thing that the world had not tamed."

"Do you remember," said the marquis, "that little expedition we made together years ago (how the years go! it must be at least twelve — more, perhaps; and it seems scarcely six months!) in May, I think, or it might have been later in the year? Janet was with us, and the M—s, and we set out from Vallombrosa to walk to Poder Nuovo and picnic in the woods; and as we were coming up the rough road, a little way from the Lago, suddenly 'Poum, poum,' above us roared the thunder like a broadside of a hundred guns, and the heavens seemed to split open, and down came the rain like a deluge. When it rains in this country, it rains — it does not make believe. Fortunately we all of us, save you, had umbrellas and waterproofs, and so we were protected; but you, after the foolish way you always had, scorned such *impedimenta* — and there you were, with nothing to shield you, saying you did not care for such trifles. Well, in a few minutes you were drenched to the skin, and dripping as a drowned rat, and we were all of us glad to find a refuge here at the Lago. There and then it was that I first saw Beppa, standing in the doorway, and in-

viting us to come in for shelter. Glad enough we were to accept her smiling invitation, and in we went. She piled up in the vast fireplace a heap of dry fascines and broken boughs, and in a few minutes broad, quivering sheets of flames flashed and roared up the chimney, and we all gathered about it to dry ourselves. But you were too thoroughly drenched to be dried in this way, and cried out to Beppa, who was bustling about, and laughing with us, and finding us chairs and benches, and helping the ladies — 'Beppa, I say, I must take off these clothes to be dried. Is there nothing you can give me to put on while they are drying — no old coat or cloak of the *babbo's*? — no matter what.'

"Nothing, signor, nothing — unless you will put on one of my dresses," laughed Beppa. 'If that will do, it is quite at your service; but I am afraid that will not do.'

"And why not?" you cried. 'It will do capitally, if you will lend it to me. *Presto! presto!* let me have it!'

"*Davvero*," said Beppa, 'really you are joking.'

"Not a bit of it," you cried; 'not a bit of it! Let me have it. *Via!*'

"Beppa entered into the joke at once, and off you and she went; and then she returned, shrugging her shoulders and laughing. After a short time, in you came. *Madonna mia*, what a figure you were, dressed in one of her gowns! I never shall forget it. We welcomed you with shouts, and laughed till we could laugh no longer for very pain! and Beppa clapped her hands, and bent herself down to the ground with laughing, and spread herself against the wall, utterly overcome with the joke. What a mad company we were! *Per Bacco!* these were glorious days! Then we put some chestnuts in the ashes to roast, and talked and chattered while the storm passed by. What a picture it was — worthy the brush of Rembrandt in its effects! The fire darting its quivering tongues up the chimney, redly illuminating our faces and figures, and gleaming on the black rafters overhead; the shadows on the old walls, wavering about as we moved; the faint light of the day, peering through the small, iron-barred windows; and then the peals of thunder, echoing along the hills as the storm wore away! It was a scene not to forget. That was my first acquaintance with Beppa. Where is she now? what has become of her?"

"Ah!" said our hostess, "I am afraid

the after-acts of the play do not quite correspond to the first bright scenes. Poor Beppa! all that gay spirit has been quenched out of her life. She laughs very little, I am afraid, now."

"I am sorry to hear it," said the marquis. "Pray tell me what has happened to her."

"She had her love-story — and a pretty one enough it was — and all seemed to go with her 'merry as a marriage-bell.' Her lover and husband was a strong, handsome fellow, with no means except his stout arms; and with these he managed to support her, — not well, of course, but sufficiently, — for their wants were small, and they were fairly happy and contented. But, somehow or other, he did not get on well with the guards of the forest; and there was bad blood between them. So they tracked and watched him to catch him in some violation of the forest laws, so as to put the hand of the law on him. Unfortunately, whether by mistake or not I cannot say, he took away some brushwood and dead branches of no sort of value, but which were within prohibited limits. He did not, however, take them for himself — he brought them to us, supposing that they were thrown away and useless; and this proves that he had no intention at least of stealing. But here was a chance for his enemies; and he was at once arrested and thrown into prison on an accusation of theft. My husband, on being informed of it, — what did you do? You know better than I."

"I went down to Figline, where the poor fellow was imprisoned, and did all that I could to free him from the imputation — declaring that I had known him and employed him even in matters of trust and had found him scrupulously honest as far as I knew, and urged that the very fact of his not having taken the wood for himself was a clear proof that he did not intend to steal. I was fortunate enough to prevail, and he was set free."

"And not an hour too soon," said our hostess. "Poor Beppa, who was then close on her confinement, had wept her heart away during the month that he was in prison. She was alone, with scarcely any means of subsistence. Her husband could earn nothing for her, and was besides under accusation of a crime which would probably be fatal to his and her future. She had four children to look after and support. What could he or she do, even if he were liberated? It was a terrible blow. Two days after his return she gave birth to her fifth child."

"And now how is it with them?" said I.

"You shall see them to-morrow. Of course, since this affair all is dark with them. He can find no occupation here, and they all have to suffer."

So we went to see her in her wretched house. Suffering, and privation, and toil had made her old before her time. Remains of beauty certainly there were. The eyes and the teeth still were beautiful. But the face was haggard, and thin, and very sad, and the joyousness and spring of life and youth utterly gone. Still the old sweet smile gleamed for moments over the face, and then faded into sadness again. One of her children was ill and in bed; the others, strong, nut-brown, with large, lustrous eyes, stood beside her, shy, silent, half clothed, but with no shadow of care upon their faces. We talked a little with her; and our hostess told her to come up to the house the next day, and she would give her something to keep her children warm for the winter. I gave them a few pennies meanwhile, and then we said good-bye. She thanked us, looked at us with a strange, pathetic look, and then burst into tears.

The next day she came to us, with her eldest girl, of about six years of age; and the two rosy, sunny-haired, blue-eyed children of my hostess, with their little arms full of thick stuffs for winter clothing, stood beside their mother, and each saying, "*A te*," thrust them into the hands of the peasant girl, and then stood still and stared at her. She, shy and not knowing what to do, took them almost mechanically; but when her downcast eyes fell upon them, a flash of joyous light went over her face, but she said nothing. "Say *Grazie*," said the mother, — "*grazie, signora; grazie, signorine*." "*Grazie, signora*," repeated the child, as if she were saying a lesson. "Hold up your head," said Beppa; "don't look down so and stick out your stomach, but look up." The little one lifted up her head a moment, and dropped it again. What she said when she got away and found her tongue, one can easily imagine; but there she was too shy to speak. It was a pretty picture, and a characteristic scene.

The next day another little one came — by request — and alone, to have a similar gift. This little maid, with eyes black as sloes, and thick, tangled hair, of about seven, was as a little mother to the four younger children, and took care of them with a patience, intelligence, and sense of responsibility which was remarkable. It

is only among the poor that such precocity is found; but here in Italy, duties and responsibilities and family cares are thrown upon young children at an age when among richer classes they would be thought too young to be left alone. Here, however, they not only have to take care of themselves, but to look after their younger brothers and sisters — and this little maid was as serious and trustworthy almost as a grown woman. She gathered the chestnuts and brushwood; knew all the mushrooms that were edible, and where the strawberries and raspberries grew, and what she could take and what she must avoid; and kept all the little ones in order and out of danger, and carried them when they were tired, and soothed them when they cried, and assisted her mother in household affairs, and was, in a word, a little woman.

The government is now building a road from Vallombrosa to unite it with the highroad leading from Pontassieve, and this during the summer has afforded work for the people in the vicinity. But suddenly, by order from headquarters, a stop was put to all this work a month ago, and all the laborers were thrown out of employ, and the little wages they hoped to gain thereby to keep them comfortably through the winter are cut off, so that there is rather a dreary prospect before them. The wages paid here for a day's labor are only one franc, twenty centimes; but this satisfies them if it only continues, so that they can count upon it. But when they are cut off from this, their chances are poor enough. As this is the only employment given to them by government for years (except in the case of the six forest-guards, who have a monthly pay), this sudden stoppage of work is disastrous to these poor people, who have few other means of earning a livelihood.

The Tuscan peasants, both men and women, are almost invariably dry, thin, and spare in their build — seldom becoming fat, as is the case with the Romans and Neapolitans, even among the peasantry — and not having the appearance of great vigor. But in fact they are capable of much endurance; and though, like all Italians, rather indolent by temperament, and needing some spur to action, they are not only active and strong, but have great powers of resistance in their work. "Strong! I think so," said our host. "I will give you an example. Last year I bought of the government five thousand pounds of charcoal, made by the charcoal-burners in the woods of Vallombrosa,

about three miles from my house. Those I hired three men and two women to bring to me — over a rude and difficult path. Within six hours, during one of which they rested to take their midday meal and siesta, every stick of it was deposited in my cellar — all carried by them on their heads. The day was extremely hot — and you should have seen them as they came in, erect as masts and bearing their monstrous burdens aloft, and swinging along with a firm and even step down the rough slopes. One of these women in especial roused my admiration. She was a perfect gipsy in appearance, with ruled brows, black eyes, a wealth of wild, tangled, waving hair that strayed loosely over her shoulders, and a complexion dark enough in itself, but blackened to coal with the charcoal-dust which sifted over her; her arms and legs were bare; her eyes like fire; down her cheeks rolled great, broad streams of sooty perspiration; and through her parted lips her white teeth almost shone as she came up panting and smiling. She was a striking creature in every way. With twenty baths of hot water and a clean, fresh dress, instead of the worn, flimsy, and shabby rags which scarcely covered her, she would have made an impression anywhere, with her stately figure and her wild, handsome face; but for me, I preferred her as she was, and I only wished I were an artist to paint her, with her charcoal burden, her clinging rags, her grimed face and arms, her bare feet, her streaming hair — all, in a word, just as she was.

The villagers of Raggioli and Tosi, and others in the vicinity, live entirely on what they gather in the woods during the summer and autumn. Before daybreak — by three in the midsummer mornings — they are up and off, with their baskets poised on their heads, their blue and purple dresses, a red or parti-colored handkerchief drawn across their brows and knotted behind, and another folded Vandyke-wise over their shoulders. All day long they wander, and pluck the blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, mushrooms, or whatever the woods afford according to the season, and carry home at night their store, to be bought by dealers for the cities and large towns. These natural fruits of the soil the government allows them to gather (except the chestnuts) free of tax; and as they are very abundant, and largely in demand, they thus gain a little money to support themselves.

A short distance above the monastery rises a steeply scarped rock, at one side of which pours down, roaring and foaming, the torrent of Vicano; and on the summit of this, ten hundred and twenty-seven metres above the sea and seventy metres above the monastery, stands the so-called oratorio of the Paradisino. This was originally founded by Padre Biagio Milanese, general of the order of the Benedictines, as a place of refuge, retirement, and discipline, to which those monks who had offended against the rules of the monastery, or who were under penance, self-inflicted or imposed upon them, retired from time to time, and there led a life more rigorous and disciplinary than the other monks. The prospect from here is wider and even more magnificent than that of the monastery below, overlooking the vast valleys and slopes from the chain of Etruscan mountains which rises against the horizon on the north, to the hills of Leghorn that skirt the Mediterranean. A steep and rugged climb carries us to the summit, where the *celle* and church and tower stand. The church formerly contained some valuable pictures, among which may be mentioned one of Andrea del Sarto's finest works. But it is now despoiled of all its pictures and wood-carving, and is used as a magazine, barn, or hay-loft. The old mill, once driven by the Vicano, is still standing; but it is no longer used, as it was by the monks, to saw trees or to grind corn; nor are the *ghiacciate*, or ice-basins, turned to any purpose.

Near the monastery is another low building called the Foresteria, which was built to receive women who came to visit the monastery. Originally, by the rules of the Vallombrosa order, no woman was allowed to enter the forest, or to pass within some large crosses erected at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. This rule was enforced for some eight centuries, but afterwards was relaxed; and the Foresteria was built to afford lodging for female visitors. It is now used as an inn, and is crowded with visitors during the summer, who come to breathe the refreshing air, and to enjoy the prospect and the delightful walks which extend in every direction.

A four-miles walk down through the woods carries us to Paterno, which also formerly belonged to the monks and was attached to the monastery. Here originally stood a castle of the Counts Guidi, and was granted by them, with all the circumjacent land, at a very early period

to San Giovanni and his brotherhood. Here came Otho III., weary of life and tormented with remorse for the cruel murder of Crescentius, to expiate his offence by penance; and here, according to some of the old chroniclers, he met his death, poisoned by Stephanina, the widow of Crescentius, whom he had afterwards made his mistress. The castle was at a later period turned into a monastery, and suffered many changes to adapt it to their use. At present it is a large, square, strong-built, conventual edifice of stone, commanding a beautiful view, and surrounded by extensive grounds, and farms, and meadows. These were once admirably cultivated by the monks, and were covered with fields, vineyards, and olive orchards, which yielded a large revenue, and supplied them abundantly with oil, wine, and grain. A good deal of oil (according to Vallisnieri) was also extracted from the beech-nuts; and Dr. Giov. Targioni Tozzette has written three papers on this subject, urging that this oil is not only good for burning, but has very valuable medicinal properties. Besides this, the beech-nuts were largely used by the monks for food for their animals, and specially for their pigs, of which they had a large number.

Among the memories connected with this place is that of Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II., the companion and friend of the first two Othos, and the preceptor of the young and brilliant Otho III., who here came to such an untimely end. The letters of Otho to Gerbert breathe the warmest affection and respect; and well was he deserving of it, both for the excellence of his character and his wonderful attainments. In any age he would have been a remarkable man, but in the darkness of this century he shines like a great light against the sombre background of its superstition and ignorance. Such was his superiority in point of learning to those by whom he was surrounded, that he was popularly supposed to have obtained his great knowledge at the expense of his soul, and to have been in league with the evil one. He seems to have been an almost universal genius — distinguishing himself as a poet, a musician, a mathematician, a physician, an inventor in mechanics, and an author in various branches of science and literature, metaphysics, grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, theology, geometry, astronomy, arithmetic, and algebra; and besides all this, to have filled with dignity and honor his functions as pope, and to have been a

peacemaker between the various and agitating factions of the day. Among his inventions were a hydraulic organ, in which the amount of air necessary to produce the sound was effected by steam; and a famous celestial sphere and solar clock. He is also supposed by some writers to have invented the first clock which went with wheels, and the method of escapement. This is, however, doubtful; and the better opinion seems to be that we owe this to the archdeacon Pacifico in the ninth century. However this may be, he improved certainly upon it, and has the reputation of being the first who made a clock to strike the hours. He first introduced into Europe the use of the Arabic numerals, and the decimal system. His treatise on geometry is clear and precise; he was a good Greek scholar, and a master of the Latin language, in which he wrote various poems; he was also an admirable musician, and a composer, among other things, of *cantici spirituali*, some of which are still preserved among the monuments of the Liturgy for their beauty.

Here at Paterno he often came—in company with Otho his pupil, and alone—and here he presided over a famous synod to compose the differences between Welligiso di Magonza and Bernward of Hildesheim as to their jurisdiction over the convent of nuns at Hildesheim. Among the other famous figures might then be seen here the noble Abbess Gerberga, sister of Otho II., then old and infirm, who warmly espoused the cause of Bernward; and her rival and niece Sophia, the eldest sister of Otho III., proud and ambitious, and daily acquiring influence, who took vehemently the part of Welligiso. Earnest almost to fierceness were the passionate debates that there took place, and it needed all the influence of Gerbert to prevent an open outbreak; even as it was, the synod was forced to adjourn without composing the quarrel.

These are among the memories which, in passing, we may recall in this old and honored monastery. Nor must we omit the wonderful figure of Stephania, the widow of Crescentius, magnificent in her beauty, and terrible in her revenge, who flashes across the scene, captivates the heart of Otho, slays him in her fury at defeat of her ambition, and vanishes out of history from that moment. According to some writers, especially of Henrion, her revenge was not satiated even by the death of Otho, but struck also at Gerbert himself, whom, at least, she was suspected

of having poisoned. In this, however, there seems to be little ground of belief.*

As Paterno was much lower, and the temperature far milder than that of Vallombrosa, the monks were in the habit of passing the colder winter months here, and returning on the approach of spring to Vallombrosa. This ancient custom is still kept up by the professors, and students, and others attached to the Forestal School, by which the monastery is now occupied.

All the forests of Vallombrosa, as well as the farms and vineyards both there and at Paterno, were most admirably planted and cultivated by the monks. In the opinion of M. Adolfo de Bérenger—and no one is more capable of giving a competent judgment on this subject, to which he has given a careful study—their forests were “*modelle de coltura forestale, perche tutti piantati ad arte per filari e d'una produttività e rendita giunta al di là d'ogni credere, quantunque radicate sopra falde ertissime ed in un suolo dirupatissimo e sassoso.*” Soldani also, in his “*Guida storica per il viaggio all'Valleombrosa,*” comparing the condition of the priests in other parts of Italy with those of Vallombrosa, points to the latter as examples of admirable cultivation, worthy to be followed; and after urging upon the government the necessity of preserving the forests of Italy from the ruin and destruction to which they were elsewhere exposed, says, “*I shall never rest content until I see the preservation of the forests taken in hand by the supreme power of the government. Among the means which, in my opinion, are most sure to preserve the forests on the high mountains, are those certainly which I know by experience to have been used in the province of Casentino by the three monasteries of Vallombrosa, Alvernia, and Camaldoli.*”

The government has now possessed itself of these forests; and the monastery itself has been turned into a *Colegio Forestale*, professedly for the education of young men in matters relating to agriculture. There are thirteen professors,

* Otho is said by the greater part of the chroniclers of his time to have met his death in Paterno—“*oppidum quod nuncupatur Paternum non longe a civitate quæ dicitur Castellana,*” says Leo Ostiensis. So also Cosimo della Rena; but he thinks Paterno is situated about a day's journey from Todi, in the Contado di Perugia. There is no place of that name at present near Perugia, Todi, or Civita Castellana; and for many reasons it seems most probable that it was here at this Paterno, near Tosi and Pelago, that he performed his penances, and finally was poisoned.

and only twelve scholars, in this large building. It is presided over by a director, an excellent and intelligent man, who there has his suite of apartments, and lives here during the warm seasons. In the winter neither he nor the professors nor scholars remain; and the building is occupied by three priests, also excellent men, and a few subsidiaries, whose amusement it seems to be to taunt the priests with the loss of the monastery, and the change that liberty and unity have brought to them. Padre Furio showed us over all the building with great kindness; and, when I ventured to express my surprise at certain things, thrust out his lips and put his forefinger across them, to intimate that I might by any criticism compromise him as well as myself. So I kept silence.

The church is not handsome architecturally, and there are few objects of interest now remaining. From a priestly point of view, the most interesting is an elaborately carved and chiselled reliquary in silver, adorned with gems, and containing the relics of San Giovanni Gualberto. In it is a brown bone, of about a foot in length, which is looked upon with reverence, and kept with great care. I do not know whether it works miracles, and I did not care to ask.

Among the pictures which were taken from the church, Fontani specially mentions the celebrated picture by Pietro Perugino, now in the academy at Florence, which formerly stood in the choir. There still remains an "Assumption" by Franceschini, and a much injured Sabbatelli in the sacristy. The cupola is painted by Fabbrini.

There is a grand old kitchen which interested me more, and in which there were savory odors, showing that whatever else is lost, the art of cooking is not. Here in the centre is a large circular sort of hypæthral temple — I know not what else to call it — with stone pillars and roof, from the centre of which hangs a turnspit, carried by water-power, on which an ox might be roasted whole, — a temple once dedicated to the genius of hospitality and charity, where culinary service is still performed, though on a much smaller scale, and where, though the hierophants are not monks or priests, the odors of sacrifice still rise gratefully. There is also a fine old refectory (a refectory no longer), where the brothers used to take their meals, with its reading-desk or pulpit midway on the wall above. Here, with a shudder, said Padre Furio, a ball was given a short time ago. But change

has come over almost everything. The cells of the monks are now the rooms for the students and professors. The chapel is the fencing-school. The pictures of saints on the walls have given place to crossed swords and foils. It is the epoch of equal rights (except for monks and nuns) and of union (God save the mark! with all the old jealousies and rivalries as alive as ever, and an *octroi* at the gate of every city); of constitutional government (with almost unendurable taxation); of popular representation (the representatives agreeing in nothing but the selfish advantage of each member); of liberty (with party strife and struggle for power, and industry vainly struggling under the weight of imposts). So let us shout "*Viva la Libertà e l'Unità!*" while the poor cry "*Pazienza!*" Words are great powers. One knows a people by its watchwords. I am tired of hearing in Italy that cry of slaves, "*Pazienza!*" I am waiting to hear that cry of freemen — "*Coraggio — avanti!*"

But a truce to politics. Whatever change has taken place here at Vallombrosa, nature is still the same. There is the vast panorama of hills and valleys just as it was when Milton gazed upon it — ay, just as it was when San Giovanni Gualberto toiled with weary steps up those wooded slopes. The same torrent and fountain that cooled his parched lips may now cool ours; the same deep shadows lurk under the sombre firs; autumn still strews the sward and heaps the brooks with the same wealth of golden leaves torn from the chestnuts; the same flowers smile up to us from the grass; the same tender blue sky bends over us like a benediction; and, in despite all changes and in defiance of all politics, we still can have our hour of peace and meditation and delight — "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" — along the lovely slopes of Vallombrosa.

From All The Year Round.
VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVI.

"AND NATHAN SAID UNTO DAVID: THOU ART THE MAN."

SUDDEN marriages seemed in vogue this summer.

About this time Mrs. Hamilton received a letter and newspaper containing the news of one which disturbed her greatly;

though not so much on account of the intelligence conveyed in it, as of the manner in which it had been carried out.

"If there were any cause for such haste it would be different," she said; "but where there is none, I call it absolutely indecent."

"Well, if he were going to do such a thing at all, it seems to me he might have done it more hastily still," said the doctor. "Shortly after her husband's death, for instance, when most people thought he intended it. I had fancied that the delay in his case meant safety."

"Some married people pay a certain respect to the memory of their husbands or wives, even if they don't to their living presence," retorted Mrs. Hamilton in her severest tones. "I trust, for Isabelle's own sake, that she was answerable for the delay then; but that does not in the least excuse the indelicacy of the present proceedings. I am astonished at them both."

"If you expect delicacy from Mrs. Beverley, Helen, I'm afraid she'll astonish you pretty often," said the doctor. "A wonderfully handsome woman in her way; but looks —"

"Oh, spare me a dissertation on her looks, pray. They are nothing to me whatever they may be to you."

"Which is less than nothing a great deal. I am pitying your brother."

"You needn't do so. I hope my brother is better able to take care of himself than his sister was, poor thing! One would think you were jealous of him, however, by your bitterness against poor Isabelle. Has she ever slighted you?"

The doctor made no answer beyond a somewhat scornful smile, but pushed aside his coffee-cup with an impatient gesture, and left the room. One of the children was on the lawn as he crossed it a moment later, and called after him, "Papa!" but he merely waved his hand and walked on. He did not even look back.

"Papa is cross, too, this morning," the little one said, and Mrs. Hamilton, sitting at the breakfast-table near the open window, heard her, and colored faintly, while a look of pain rose to her face. It passed away in a moment, however, and taking up the fortnight-old foreign newspaper, which lay beside her plate, she turned again to the paragraph, which, for the moment, was more interesting to her than anything else.

"At Christianity, by the Rev. Edward Peak, Chaplain of H.M.S. Britomart, Gareth Vane, only son of the late Mat-

thew Vane, of Marston House, Brighton, to Isabelle Annie Beverley, relict of the late Thomas Beverley, R.E., of Kensington. No cards."

"No, and no notice beforehand, no letter even to me till it has been a fortnight over," said Mrs. Hamilton bitterly. "What could he have been about to act in such a way? I have not deserved it from him."

The tears rose to her eyes with the thought. Hard as she was to her husband, hard as most people found her generally, she was sincerely fond of this scapegrace brother; and neglect from his hands wounded her to the quick. She forgot for the moment in what manner she had received the news of his last engagement; but even if she had remembered it, she would have thought that this more recent one might have blotted it from his memory. Whoever or whatever this Sybil Dysart was he could never have really loved her, or he would not have forgotten her so soon; while Belle he had always liked. Belle was rich, and, with all her faults, adored him. She would set him up, enable him to pay his debts and begin life afresh. It was a wise enough marriage in that respect. Still he might have written to her beforehand; and the tears were still in her eyes at his neglect when she rose from the breakfast-table.

Perhaps there were more causes than one for the weakness. Those terrible paroxysms of pain by which we have seen her overcome on previous occasions had increased in frequency of late, and become more difficult to hide from those about her. Beginning shortly after the birth of her last child, she had known them for some time as witnesses to that terrible disease which is perhaps more appalling than any other to the mind of a woman, and had even submitted to one operation already for its cure; but the malady had broken out afresh, and now a second operation was threatened, and the distinguished surgeon whom she consulted had warned her that the result might be even less fortunate than the last, and had expressed an opinion that her husband should be consulted on the subject. Mrs. Hamilton had combated this vigorously, and then, finding her arguments useless, had temporized by begging for a delay until she saw her adviser again; but she had not been near him since. Why should she, when it was the pleasure of her stubborn pride to conceal from her husband anything that ailed her

or could seem to appeal to his sympathy? But the ghastly shadow of the future was marching closer on her footsteps day by day, and with the thought of her children came for the first time the doubt as to whether she had done well or wickedly in estranging them from the father who might soon be their only protector.

For of late her constant repression of anything like familiarity or playfulness between him and the children seemed to have succeeded in bringing about the effect which might have been expected. Dr. Hamilton had ceased to struggle against her jealous control over their affections. So far as she could see, indeed, he took little notice of them, answered them briefly when they spoke to him, and never lingered at the school-room door to give them a pleasant word or smile on his way up and down stairs, as he had been wont to do in earlier days. In fact, he was less at home than ever now, dined out oftener when his work was over, spoke more rarely, and met the ungracious rejoinders which too often awaited him with less patience than he had been used to show.

Not that he ever answered his wife rudely, or was quarrelsome in his turn; but even the abrupt leaving her when attacked, the cool smile or scornful shrug of the shoulders, were new things in Mrs. Hamilton's experience, and, coming from a man as amiable and courteous as the doctor, marked the gradual ripening of a change which startled her.

Hitherto he had always appeared willing to be affectionate, if she would let him, ready to make advances if they would be responded to; but now (of a sudden, as it seemed to her, for one does not grasp the slow growth of a change of this sort) even this was altered, and he seemed as coldly indifferent as herself, and as satisfied to maintain the position which it had been her choice to bring about.

Her choice! Nay, rather her sorrow, the mission which he himself had imposed on her. What was she in all this but the passive instrument of a just retribution, and an instrument which, for every pang it inflicted, suffered an answering one tenfold more keen within itself?

Nor was Gareth's letter, when she came to read it over later in the day, any comfort to her. It was short, somewhat cold, and breathing a spirit of self-bitterness and reckless mockery, strangely unlike the usual tone of a newly-married man in the first weeks of his honeymoon; and rousing a vague pain and fear in her, lest

even with him she should have acted mistakenly. It gave no details of his suddenly made-up marriage whatsoever; merely said he supposed she had been prepared for the news, and trusted that as she had always been so anxious to see him in properly gilt fetters she was satisfied at last. Anyhow, if she were not, it was done and there was no remedy for it. The yachting trip had been very jolly in the beginning, and had ended, like most jolly things, in no end of rows and unpleasantness. In fact, he himself had been on the eve of a duel with Trembolini, and had only avoided the necessity, and proved his right to protect their mutual hostess, by marrying her. As for the Vanderbilts, they had behaved disgracefully; so if, on their return, they spread any lying stories about the affair, Helen needn't believe them; and for his part he never meant Belle to speak to one of the lot again. He hoped Helen would come and see them as soon as they returned; but didn't know when that would be. London in the dead season was always beastly, and he would rather stay away till people had done gossiping about him.

"Then why give them cause for gossip by acting in such a hasty, indecorous fashion?" Mrs. Hamilton thought indignantly. "And what does he mean by 'lying stories'? It is very unpleasant altogether. I wish now he hadn't gone with them, and yet I thought it would be for his good, and —"

She was interrupted by a message. The page came in to say there was a gentleman, a clergyman, down-stairs in master's study. He had seemed much disappointed at hearing that the doctor was out, and wanted to know when he would be in. Could the mistress tell him?

"Certainly not. Say he is out on his afternoon round, and that his return is quite uncertain," said Mrs. Hamilton, and went on with her answer to Gareth's letter.

In a minute, however, she was again interrupted.

"The gentleman gave me this card for you, madam, and says would it be taking a liberty if he asked to speak to you for a moment. He can wait a few minutes if you are busy; but he would like to leave a message with you in case he missed seeing the doctor."

"Could he not write it, I wonder." But though Mrs. Hamilton said the words, it was under her breath; and she added almost in the same moment: "Ask him

to sit down, and I will be with him in a minute or two."

It was more than a minute or two, however, before she kept her word. She wanted to finish her letter before the post went out, and brief as she intended it to be, a mere message disclaiming any wish to offer an opinion on a matter which had been completed before she was even informed of it, the wording took some thought, and in the middle of it the governess came in with a complaint about one of the children, which required attention. It was only while speaking to her that Mrs. Hamilton's eyes fell on the card which the page had left, and read there,

REV. LIONEL ASHLEIGH,
The Vicarage, Chadleigh End.

The words made her start. "Chadleigh End—Chadleigh End!" she repeated to herself. "Where have I heard that name? It is a village near Epsom; but I don't know any one there. Stay! I know; it was the place where that girl came from, Sybil Dysart! She lives there. Can this man have anything to tell me about her!" The thought was sufficient to flurry her. She put away letter and governess without further delay, and went down-stairs to the study.

Lionel, in the mean time, had been awaiting her coming with some impatience. After all, his triumph had been very short-lived. He had cleared Sybil's name with the scandal-mongers, who had taken such pleasure in besmirching it; but of what avail was fair name to her, or anything else appertaining to this little world, if she were dying? And his mother said so: his mother, who was not a sentimental woman given to fancies and exaggerations, like so many of her sex. Was it likely she could be mistaken? He could not be content with accepting her opinion, however, nor was Mrs. Ashleigh herself willing to rest on it. She took the trouble to go into Esher to see the doctor who was attending Sybil, and the interview rather confirmed than alleviated her fears.

He was only a small, third-rate practitioner; a very worthy man, doubtless, but whose experience was of the most limited order, and one of those who from pooh-poohing a case altogether jump to utterly despairing of it; and it must be remembered that he knew nothing of Sybil's actual constitution or ordinary health. His acquaintance with her began when she was just recovering from a very

sharp attack of a dangerous illness; and he put down all her suffering and weakness partly to the same score, and partly to the idea of her being naturally a sickly, consumptive girl. When he found how horrified Mrs. Ashleigh was at the change which had taken place in her appearance, and learnt that, so far from Miss Dysart having been always the feeble creature he imagined, she had hardly known a day's sickness till now; and that her father, from having been equally healthy and robust in appearance, had died early in life of rapid consumption in the same manner, he went to the opposite extreme: was ready to order her coffin at once, and felt quite sure that he had thought it a hopeless case from the beginning.

On such a man, of course, no dependence could be placed; and Mrs. Ashleigh had the less scruple in suggesting the advisability of consulting Dr. Hamilton. Some delicacy of management, however, was needed in the matter. The little doctor was not fond of the big one, who had, as it appeared, snubbed him on some occasion; and he was not, therefore, likely to throw much sympathy into her plans for bringing him on the scene. On the other hand, Mrs. Ashleigh felt sure that the expenses of the little household at Mrs. Matherson's would not admit of any extra outlay; and knowing at once how proud and how ignorant in all these things the orphan girls were, she particularly wished the physician's visit to be no expense to them, but to have the air of coming at his brother practitioner's invitation. To do this it would be necessary to see Dr. Hamilton, take him into the secret, and enlist his sympathies for the sick girl, by telling him more of the particulars of the case than she would have cared to enlarge upon with the commonplace little man who had hitherto had the care of it; and it was finally decided that Lionel should ride over to Surbiton for this purpose.

It was a disappointment, therefore, to find the great man out; and not being willing either to go away without seeing him, or to incur the further delay of making an appointment, he determined to ask for the doctor's wife, and, if she should seem a nice, motherly woman, to tell the story to her in the first instance.

Mrs. Hamilton delayed her appearance, however, and to while away the time he had just begun to glance about him at the different objects of art and virtue in which the room abounded, when his attention was suddenly caught and riveted.

It was a dull afternoon and the light in the room was still further obscured by the venetians being partially closed in that tantalizing manner which throws a strip of bright light on one corner of an apartment, making the rest look darker by comparison.

On the present occasion this streak of light chanced to fall on a picture hanging in a recess, where ordinarily it might have escaped attention altogether; but as Lionel's eyes involuntarily wandered to it he started, uttered an exclamation, and crossed the room that he might examine it more nearly. He had come to see this strange doctor about Sybil Dysart. Was that Sybil's own portrait hanging on the wall, and smiling at him with all the sweetness of her old serenity? No, hardly that; and yet the resemblance was marvellous. He could not take his eyes off it, and was just drawing back to try the effect of viewing it from a little distance, when a step on the carpet showed him that he was not alone, and turning, he found himself face to face with a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose air and appearance showed him to be the owner of the study; though there was rather more surprise and annoyance in the way in which he looked at his visitor than could have been accounted for by the very natural occupation in which he found the latter engaged. It was sufficiently apparent to force an apology from Lionel.

"Dr. Hamilton, I presume," he said, coming forward in the frank, gentlemanly manner natural to him. "I really beg your pardon; but I was so occupied in admiring one of your pictures, that I did not hear you come in. Is it a portrait?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor decidedly. "I bought it as a fancy sketch at any rate, and because I liked the coloring and expression. What makes you think it a portrait?"

"Because the expression and coloring are so exactly like a person I know, that at first sight I almost thought it must have been painted from her. The odd thing is that I should find it here."

"Indeed? Chance likenesses are common enough things," said the doctor blandly. "Why should there be any special oddness in them here?"

"Because the lady that picture resembles is the very person about whom I called to see you to-day, and in whose case I hope to interest you. Dr. Hamilton, can you spare me ten minutes? I have come over from Chadleigh End at the request of my mother, to speak to you

about a young lady who, we fear, is in a very critical state, though I, at any rate, hope you may be able to save her."

"From Chadleigh End?" said the doctor. A very slight shiver had passed over his eyebrows; and he seemed to draw himself together with the air of a man bracing himself to meet some possible strain; but his manner became more courteous than before.

"Pray sit down," he said, seating himself and waving Lion to an armchair near him. "I can give you as much time as you like. My round is over early to-day. Who is this young person you are speaking of? You are a clergyman, I see. Some parishioner of yours?"

"Not at present," said Lionel. "She did live in my parish till within the last three months; but since her mother's death, she and her sister—they are orphans—have moved to a cottage on this side of Esher Common. The name is Dysart, Sy—. What is the matter? Are you unwell, sir?"

"Not in the least, thank you," said the doctor. He had started suddenly, and put out his hand as if in pain. "Pray go on. Are you comfortable there? I wish you would take the armchair." For Lion had disregarded his offer in that direction, and had thrown himself into the seat nearest to him—one with its back against the window. Look at him as closely as he might, the doctor failed in the dim light to distinguish much more of his appearance than that he was a broad-shouldered, muscular-looking man, with well-shaped, sun-burnt hands, and a sharp furrow between his brows which gave him the air of being much older than he was. Lionel, careless of his host's scrutiny, on his part told his story simply enough. He had seen at the first glance that Dr. Hamilton was a gentleman; and knew, from common report, that he was a man of sufficient sympathy and refinement to be safely trusted with such portions of the mental history of his patients as might bear on their physical health; but briefly as he tried to put the facts, they were sufficiently pathetic in themselves to touch even a stranger, and Dr. Hamilton listened to them with a marked interest, not to say emotion, which the speaker's manifest feelings on the subject perhaps intensified. He did not interrupt him by a word until the curate had concluded; then he said in tones too grave for mere outward sympathy,—

"A sad story, indeed, and I see you feel the sadness in a way which does you

honor, if you only know this young lady as her parish priest. Perhaps, however, she is a friend of yours as well?"

"A very old one. I have known her since she was a child; and a sweeter, happier girl till the last three months never made the sunshine of her home."

"You say so? Poor child, I am very sorry——" The doctor checked himself, and asked abruptly: "And you tell me (it is necessary for a doctor to know these things), that, in your opinion, her present illness is intensified by the fact of her lover having jilted her?"

"I believe so, or rather, my mother, who has seen Miss Dysart more lately than I, is of that opinion; but mind you, she herself has never accused him of having done so. Her own sister does not know whether the engagement between them was broken off by her wish or his. It is only by private enquiries relating to a matter in which Mr. Vane was also concerned, that I have assured myself, not only that he must have deserted the innocent girl who confided in him, but at a time and in a manner which must have cruelly intensified the shock to her. Will you come and see her, doctor? Perhaps your skill——"

The doctor interrupted him.

"My dear sir, you do not need to ask me. I would do so gladly, and for more reasons than one; but first I must tell you something. It is my duty to do so in any case, but it is a painful duty; and I must ask your forbearance beforehand. Do you know this photograph?"

He had opened an album lying beside him, and now handed it to the curate, one finger resting on the page. Lionel started back, crimsoning to the temples.

"Mr. Vane!" he said hoarsely, his right hand clenching itself involuntarily. "You know him then?"

"I know him intimately," answered the doctor. "I could hardly fail to do so, seeing that he is my wife's brother."

"Your wife's! It is impossible."

"It is a fact, and the reason why I mention it, Mr. Ashleigh, is that, considering Gareth Vane's relations to Miss Dysart, it is hardly probable that she would be unaware of the relationship; in which case my visiting her might, if she is in the weak state you describe, have a prejudicial effect on her nerves."

"Gareth Vane is your brother-in-law!" repeated Lionel. He was too much taken by surprise to have room for any other idea. "Then perhaps you knew of this story before?"

"I knew something of it certainly; not your version. I wish now that I had done so. That I did not inquire further into it will be a subject of pain to me for the rest of my life."

"Why? Had you anything to do with his——"

"His fickleness? Mr. Ashleigh, I will be frank with you. In some measure I had. He came here one day and announced in a somewhat offhand, jesting manner that he was engaged to Miss Dysart. That announcement was for very serious reasons, with which I will not trouble you, exceedingly distasteful, both to his sister and myself; so much so, that to be plain, we could not under any circumstances have encouraged it. Further, Mr. Vane owned that the young lady's mother had refused her consent; and considering that his acquaintance with the former was of the very briefest nature, that he had been in love a dozen times at least within half as many years; and that unless he married a rich woman he had no means on which to support a wife, I considered myself justified in stating our objections to the match; and asking him to pause a little, at any rate, and reflect before rushing into it. As to whether that request did affect his after conduct, or what that conduct may have been (you own that your opinion of it is formed on purely inferential evidence) I know nothing whatever. The sequel of the story I never learned; but from what I had heard of Miss Dysart, I confess I did not think it as necessary to consider her feelings in the matter as much as I now wish I had done."

"If you ever heard an injurious word of Miss Dysart, Dr. Hamilton," said Lionel fiercely, "you heard a slander——"

The doctor interrupted him gently.

"I heard that she had jilted a better and worthier man than my brother-in-law," he said quietly, "and I fear that she has met a bitter return for her folly. Mr. Ashleigh, you have been too generous in this matter not to be more generous still. Believe that it is as painful to me as to you, and that while my advice was given purely and simply from a sense of right, I am not answerable for the consequences."

"You mean that this report that he is going to marry a rich widow is true?" said Lionel bitterly.

"I mean that he was married a fortnight ago to a woman who has had him in her toils for the last five years, and would have kept him in them whether he had made

Miss Dysart his wife or not. The poor little girl has had a lucky escape."

There was unmistakable feeling in the doctor's tone. Even Lion could not refuse to recognize it; but indeed he had no wish to do so. A man who is thoroughly honest himself is the least likely to be unduly suspicious of the honesty of others; and the troubled look in his host's eyes, the utter sadness of his tone, were evidences rather of an excess of sympathy than the reverse, especially in a man who could have no personal interest in Sybil Dysart.

Looking at the doctor, Lion almost wondered at the worn, aged expression which had come over his face since the beginning of the interview.

"I believe you most thoroughly," he said; "and thank you for your candor. I have no right, of course, to ask what were your reasons for objecting to Miss Dysart's marriage with your brother-in-law, and I suppose it would come invidiously from me to say that if it was from your knowledge of that gentleman's character I think you were quite justified. All I regret is that this should deprive her of your professional assistance. Your skill in these cases —"

"Has been much exaggerated, I assure you. Phthisis is by no means a specialty of mine, and I could tell you of a dozen better men than myself at it. One thing I promise you, that the best advice there is to be had in London or Great Britain Miss Dysart shall have, and without delay or expense. And now tell me, if you like, something more about the case. I think you said the young lady's father died of rapid consumption?"

"Yes, and aggravated in his case also by a mental shock. He had lost a younger sister under very painful circumstances; and it preyed on his mind so severely that when illness set in he had no strength to get over it. It is the same thing repeated in his daughter."

The doctor was silent for a moment; then he said, in an accent which, but for his previous kindness, would have sounded like a sneer, —

"It is seldom that brothers take the loss of a sister so deeply to heart. By 'painful circumstances,' however, I suppose you mean that the lady's death was violent, or at least sudden?"

"No; I believe it was decline in her case also; but she was quite a young girl, and had run away from school some time beforehand; and the news of her death was the first that reached him of her.

This is a private matter; but I don't mind telling it you as all the actors in it are dead and gone now, except the man who was the cause of the poor girl's ruin; and whatever may have become of him, little Amy Dysart's wrongs —"

"Wrongs! Whoever Mr. Ashleigh may be, this is a strange place to speak of Amy Dysart's 'wrongs' in; the house from which her infamy banished all happiness fifteen years ago. It is wives who are wronged in these matters, sir; not the girls who find their profit in them."

The interruption did not come from Dr. Hamilton. It was a woman's voice which broke in upon them and startled the physician as much as his guest.

Both gentlemen rose involuntarily and saw facing them a stately, middle-aged lady who had entered the room towards the end of Lionel's sentence, and was standing behind his host's chair, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"Helen!" exclaimed the doctor, "is it you?" He had been calm enough before; but the sudden appearance of his wife broke down the mask of coolness. His voice was as agitated as hers. "Pray go away. We are discussing business — this gentleman and I. It has nothing to do with you. For my sake, leave us."

"No, John, not now," said Mrs. Hamilton, and if Lionel had been startled by her appearance, he was still more so by the ghastly pallor of her face. "It is for your sake I stay. Business! What business has this clergyman to be raking up Amy Dysart's shameful story at this hour? What harm does he want to do you? The harm you did was to me; and if I condone it —"

"Madam," said Lionel, interrupting her, "it is you who are harming your husband. You know more of this 'shameful story' than I do; and the errand I came on was an entirely different one: though I can hardly believe that Amy Dysart, whether dead, as her relations believe her to be, or still living, deserves the hard names that you have been pleased to use towards her. Dr. Hamilton —" But the doctor turned from him, and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Helen," he said authoritatively, yet with unmistakable tenderness, "you are wrong in this, as you have been all through. Mr. Ashleigh cannot harm me, and will not do so; and he is right to defend the name of one who, whatever I may be, was as innocent in thought and deed as yourself. Stay here if you please. I have no right to forbid you to do so; only

forgive me if, by remaining, you hear things which I would fain have spared you." And then, turning to Lionel with folded arms, "Plain speaking is best. What is it you have to say to me, sir?"

"Nothing at present," said Lionel shortly. "Not long ago, Dr. Hamilton, I, as a clergyman, had to hear the confession of a remorseful woman, whose selfishness had driven her young sister-in-law from home. That selfishness received its first punishment when her husband died, broken-hearted at his sister's ruin and death. Of the man to whom the former was owing, nothing was ever known. It seems to me that I have found him to-day. You are that man, and I understand your objections to the marriage we were speaking of. I have nothing more to say to you."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE YOUTH OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

WITHIN the latter half of this century historical subjects have gradually been rewritten. Evidence not before possessed by the writers of a previous generation is now freely laid open and diligently explored. Our national documents and State papers are no longer excluded from the research of the student, whilst our landed gentry are doing their best to further this spirit of inquiry by permitting their papers to be examined by the Historical MSS. Commission. The result of these advantages is now apparent in the teaching of our modern historians. Events which, with their dates, we have carefully committed to memory in the days of our youth, are proved never to have taken place. Characters whom we have been accustomed to regard as the most depraved of the family of human nature are now shown to be possessed of every virtue that tombstones record; whilst on the other hand those whom we were taught to imitate and respect have been contemptuously kicked down from their lofty pedestal of moral superiority. Indeed, the amount that an elderly gentleman, given to the study of history, has to unlearn at the present day, is no little strain upon his intellectual faculties. He has to dismiss from his mind our old friend the Anglo-Saxon, and the ancient form of spelling men and things previous to the period of Domesday, unless he wishes to court the wrath of Mr. E. A. Freeman; accustomed only to remember the Consti-

tutions of Clarendon and the more important clauses of Magna Charta, he has now to acquire any amount of new laws from the Charters of Canon Stubbs; Mr. William Longman gives him a new reading of the reign of our third Edward; when he comes to that wicked uncle Richard and the story of Perkin Warbeck he must put away his Hume and see what Mr. Gairdner has to say upon the subject; he must disabuse his mind as to all former prejudices with regard to our historical Bluebeard, and look upon Bluff King Hal as a strictly moral character and a man of strong domestic affections; the glorious reign of Elizabeth he will come to the conclusion has been much overrated, whilst the persecutions of her sister exist only in the spiteful imagination of certain Protestant bigots. He may take his choice as to Mary Stuart and our first Charles, since history cannot make up her mind about them, and the arguments for and against appear pretty evenly balanced, but William the Deliverer he is bound to look upon as one of the greatest, wisest, most sublime of mankind. About Anne and the Georges he will also have much to unlearn. But perhaps what will astonish our sexagenarian friend the most in his studies will be, thanks to this spirit of modern research, the rehabilitation of historical characters. The wickedness of sovereigns like John, Richard III., and Henry VIII. has, it is now asserted, been much exaggerated. The haughty Strafford was, it now turns out, rather an advocate of Parliamentary institutions than otherwise. Cromwell was not the base, levelling regicide imagination assumes him, but a man really attached to the monarchical system. Sir Robert Walpole did *not* bribe. The burly Duke of Cumberland was a kindly, humane man, and the butcheries reported of him at Culloden are only so many foul libels circulated by the Jacobites. If his character be studied aright, Lord Eldon was anything but a dilatory judge; on the contrary at times he was even hasty in his decisions. Addington was many removes from being a political mediocrity; both Pitt and Canning, in fact, held him in high esteem. The mind of Sir Robert Peel was keenly original, and it is calumny to assert that that eminent statesman was the clever pilferer of the ideas of other people. And so on.

To one important personage let us apply this process of whitewashing. Harry of Monmouth, who afterwards developed into the hero of Agincourt, has long been

looked upon as the wild young man of history. He is the prototype of the loose youth, to be found in every generation, who anticipates his patrimony, who is given to loose company, who boxes the watch, who awakes the silent streets with his midnight brawls, who offers rude carresses to modest dames, and who, whilst posing as a Corinthian, is in reality little better than a Mohock. We read of him in the pages of Shakespeare and in the parchments of chronicles as the friend of sack-sodden Falstaff and his dissolute crew, as the rollicking roysterer of East-cheap, now robbing purses at Gadshill, and then serving as an amateur tapster at the Boar's Head Tavern, occupying his leisure in flirtations with such choice specimens of their sex as Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, and throughout the whole period of his probation as heir-apparent leading the *vie orageuse* of open debauchery, until at last justice herself seizes him, in spite of his lineage, and sends him to gaol. Is this a true picture of the youth of our fifth Henry? When we place gossip and dramatic effect on one side, and examine these charges by the cold, pure light of evidence, are they capable of being substantiated? May the wild revelries of Harry of Monmouth be after all only such exaggerations as invariably attend upon the misdeeds of those in high places? Let us proceed to inquire whether the molehill has not been magnified into a mountain and the disturbance in the teacup into a raging tempest.

The madcap Harry of Shakespeare was the son of Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, and Mary, daughter of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and was born according to the chroniclers at Monmouth, August 9, 1387. Like so many men who have afterwards distinguished themselves by prowess in the field, he was a delicate child, and to benefit by the better air was sent from Monmouth Castle to Courtfield, a village some seven miles distant, where he was carefully tended by the Marchioness of Salisbury. From the archives of the duchy of Lancaster we gather a few entries touching matters connected with his childhood; we read of "a long gown for the young lord Henry," and of "an ell of canvas" for his cradle; how his nurse was Joan Waring, on whom, shortly after his accession, he settled an annuity of twenty pounds, "in consideration of good service done to him in former days," and how in the spring of 1395 he was attacked

by a dangerous illness. Then as he became a boy and put away childish things we see how the tastes of the lad foreshadowed the man, for we meet with such entries as these: "twelve pence to Stephen Furbour for a new scabbard of a sword for young lord Henry," and again, "one and sixpence for three-fourths of an ounce of tissue of black silk bought at London of Margaret Stanson for a sword of the young lord Henry;" also "eight pence paid by the hands of Adam Garston for harpstrings purchased for the harp of the young lord Henry." Of minstrelsy Henry V. was always passionately fond, and from the Norman rolls, the contents of which, after centuries of delay, it has been part of my official labors recently to make public, we learn that almost immediately after the landing of the king in Normandy one of his first requests was to commission "Thomas Walshe to procure workmen from London to make harps" for the royal amusement during the campaign.

The education of the future prince was not neglected, for we come across a charge of "four shillings for seven books of grammar contained in one volume and bought at London for the young lord Henry." On attaining the age of eleven the lad was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, and there studied under his paternal uncle Henry Beaufort, then chancellor of the university. Since the youths of those days who were destined to the profession of arms had to take the field before the age of fifteen, the stay of Henry at Alma Mater was very brief, for we find him on the following year accompanying King Richard to Ireland. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan. Shortly before going up to Oxford he had lost his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose memory he ever cherished with filial tenderness. We read in the Pell Rolls that two months after his accession to the throne, in order to testify his grateful remembrance of her, he paid a sum of money "in advance to William Goodyere, for newly devising and making an image in likeness of the mother of the present lord the king, ornamented with divers arms of the kings of England, and placed over the tomb of the said king's mother within the king's college at Leicester, where she is buried and entombed." His father, at the very moment when about to enter the lists in deadly combat against one who had thrown doubts upon his veracity, had suddenly been sentenced to exile for ten years.

Thus deprived of a mother's love and a father's control, Richard took charge of the lad, and to prevent him from scheming to avenge the wrongs of his sire, forced him to accompany the expedition sent across St. George's Channel to subdue the Irish chieftain Macmore. The Pell Rolls* of this date show that the boy was in the pay of the crown, for they record this entry: "Ten pounds to Henry, son of the Duke of Hereford (Bolingbroke had been created Duke of Hereford by Richard), in part payment of five hundred pounds yearly, which our present lord the king has granted to be paid him at the Exchequer during pleasure." Whilst on the march against the enemy, the king conferred the honor of knighthood upon his young charge. "My fair cousin," said he, "henceforth be gallant and bold; for unless you conquer you will have little name for valor." Richard, however, offered Henry few opportunities of distinguishing himself in the Emerald Isle, for he soon gave up the pursuit of Macmore, preferring the comfort and luxury of Dublin to the damp and privations in the bogs. His repose was, however, rudely dispelled by the news brought to his court that Henry of Monmouth's father, now Duke of Lancaster by the death of "time-honored Gaunt," had invaded England and had claimed the kingdom as his own.† On hearing this intelligence, Richard turned towards the young knight who was by his side and said, "Henry, my child, see what your father has done to me. He has actually invaded my land as an enemy, and as if in regular warfare has taken captive and put to death my liege subjects without mercy or pity. Indeed, child, for you individually I am very sorry, because for this unhappy proceeding of your father you must, perhaps, be deprived of your inheritance." To whom, according to the chronicler Otterbourne, Henry thus

replied: "In truth, my gracious king and lord, I am sincerely grieved by these tidings; but I conceive you are fully assured of my innocence in this proceeding of my father." "I know," answered the king, "that the crime which your father has perpetrated does not attach at all to you; and therefore I hold you excused of it altogether." The result of this invasion is well known. The people gave in their adherence to the Duke of Lancaster. Richard crossed over from Ireland, the army deserted the royal standard, and the king was taken prisoner and carried to London. Lancaster now claimed the throne, a deed was drawn up, and Richard was forced to resign. A few months after his deposition the king passed to his rest; whether by violence or by natural causes we know not, for the story that he was foully murdered is based on insufficient evidence.

Immediately upon his accession the Duke of Lancaster, now Henry IV., sent over to Ireland for his son who, for safer keeping, was in honorable custody within the walls of Trym Castle. In the Pell Rolls we read the following entry: "To Henry Dryhurst of West Chester, payment for the freightage of a ship to Dublin; also for sailing to the same place and back again, to conduct the lord the prince, the king's son, from Ireland to England, together with the furniture of a chapel and ornaments of the same, which belonged to King Richard." At the coronation of his father Henry stood at the right of the throne, holding in his hand, in virtue of the duchy of Lancaster, the blunted sword called Curtana, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor. On this occasion he was created Prince of Wales, and the estates swore "the same faith, loyalty, aid, assistance, and fealty" to him as they did to his father. The honor was no empty one, for shortly afterwards the Council granted him a household suitable to his new position, placing at his disposal "chapels, chambers, halls, wardrobe, pantry, buttery, kitchen, scullery, saucery, almonry, anointry, and generally all things requisite for his establishment." The heir-apparent appears by all accounts to have grown out of the delicacy which characterized his early days. He is described, though only in his twelfth year, as "a handsome young bachelor," and as "exceeding the ordinary stature of men." We are told that he was skilled in all athletic exercises, and so swift a runner that "he could on foot readily give chase to a deer without hounds, bow, or

* The Pell Rolls, so called from the pells or skins, on rolls of which accounts of the royal receipts and expenditure used to be preserved, have been edited by the late F. Devon, of the Record Office. Mr. Tyler, some forty years ago, was the first to direct attention to these rolls in his careful "Life of Henry V.," a book now seldom to be met with.

† Before Henry Bolingbroke's departure from England, the king, to conciliate John of Gaunt, had remitted four years of his son's banishment, the original sentence being for ten years, from October 13, 1398; but no sooner was the Duke of Lancaster dead than Richard, throwing off all semblance of moderation, exiled Bolingbroke for life, and confiscated his property, dividing it amongst the royal favorites. On the Patent Rolls of the time are several grants of these estates to the Duke of Surrey and others. This robbery determined the young Duke of Lancaster to return to England to claim his inheritance, and finding the occasion favorable, he seized upon the crown as interest.

sling, and catch the fleetest of the herd," a lie, we hope, big enough to satisfy even a mediæval chronicler. His face was handsome, and lit up with an intelligence which his subsequent acts certainly did not refute. His portrait at the time of his accession is thus sketched in Latin verse which "every schoolboy" can translate:—

*Formæ regalis descriptio fit manifesta,
Quæ sequitur talis. Capitis sibi sphærica
testa,*

*Magni consilii signumque viri sapientis.
Hæc est principii bona res, laus prima regen-
tis,*

*Signat frons plana Regis quod mens bene sana.
Plani sunt illi, bruni, densique capilli,
Nasus directus, facies extensa decenter;
Floridus aspectus et amabilis est reverenter.
Clare lucentes oculi subrube patentes,
Pace columbini, sed in ira sunt leonini.*

*Sunt nivei dentes, æqualiter et residentes,
Formula parvarum que decens est auricularum;
Et mentum fissum, collum satis undique spis-
sum,*

*Concurrente nota, cutis ejus candida tota.
Non sunt inflatæ fauces, albedine gratæ,
Quarum pars rosea, sed labia coccinea.
Sunt bene formata sua membraque consolidata
Ossibus et nervis, sine signis ipsa protervis.**

In those warlike days youths began life early, and Prince Henry, a lad who in these more effeminate times would scarcely have been out of the nursery, was to be no exception to the rule. Owen Glendower, who claimed to be descended from the princes of Wales, and whose estates had been seized by Lord Grey de Ruthyn, had risen up in rebellion, and recovered possession of his property by the sword. Henry Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, better known as Hotspur, was then chief justice of north Wales and Chester, and constable of the castles of Chester, Flint, Conway, and Caernarvon. He at once exerted himself to suppress the revolt, and at the same time the young Prince of Wales was despatched west to defend his own principality. The letters of Hotspur to the Council edited by the late Sir H. Nicolas, describe the conduct of Henry during the campaign, and bear witness to the high estimation in which he was, in spite of his tender age, then held. In that correspondence we read how Hotspur calls Henry "his most honored and redoubted prince," how he praises his courage and his clemency, and how the com-

mons of north Wales "have humbly offered their thanks to my lord the prince for the great exertions of his kindness and good will in procuring their pardon at the hands of our sovereign lord the king." We read how the prince marched his men against Glendower, set fire to his park and mansion, and wasted the country for miles around; how hard up he was to pay the archers and men-at-arms, for he thus moans: "And at present we have very great expenses, and we have raised the largest sum in our power to meet them from our little stock of jewels;" and how, as the king's deputy in Wales, he stands sorely in need of assistance. Whilst those events were taking place, the boy who was thus nominally placed at the head of affairs was about fourteen years of age.

We know how the bard of Avon portrays the career of the prince at this time:—

His addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

The object of Shakespeare was to write a good play: he consulted the ordinary sources of information, and it was not his province to examine them as to their accuracy. Provided they furnished him with materials for effect he was content; he was a dramatic poet, not an historian. The first occasion when Henry appears upon the Shakespearian scene is not very complimentary to himself.* His father asks of Percy and other lords whether they can tell him anything of his "unthrifty son," as he would to heaven he could be found:—

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, or rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy
Takes on the point of honor to support
So dissolute a crew.

To descend from poetry to the facts of prose: when this speech was delivered this "young wanton," lording it over his dissolute crew, was a mere boy; the "unthrifty son" had nothing to be unthrifty upon; and so far from the father thinking that the son would be a disgrace to his name and race, the youth had been cre-

* Versus Rhythmici de Henrico Quinto; supposed to have been written by a monk attached to the household.

* Richard II., Act v., scene 3.

ated Prince of Wales, with every tribute of homage and affection. Nor is the second occasion when Shakespeare honors Prince Henry with his dramatic muse a whit more favorable to his subject, or less incorrect in its details.* The battle of Homildon had been fought, and great was the glory of the Percies, and especially of Harry Hotspur. King Henry contrasts the brave young son of Northumberland with his own unhappy child, who, all infant though he be, is said to be drinking sack with Falstaff, reeling about the streets of Eastcheap, and chucking Mistress Quickly under the chin—and if that dame had spanked him and put him to bed, methinks the proprieties would not have been grievously outraged. Westmoreland, with all a father's pride at the victory of his son over the Scots, cries:

Faith! 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

At which thus sighs King Henry, the parent of the infant prodigal:—

Yea; there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved

That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet;
Then I would have his Harry, and he mine!
But let him from my thoughts.

Had this wish been granted, the king would have presented the somewhat curious physiological spectacle of a man having a son as old as himself. The object of Shakespeare is to create a dramatic contrast. Hotspur and Henry, the poet assumes, are the same age; Hotspur is the type of heroic, Henry of dissolute, youth; the one is a father's pride, the other a father's disgrace. Again, what are the prosaic facts? Prince Henry was born August, 1387; his father, Henry Bolingbroke, was born April, 1366, and Hotspur was born in the October of the same year. So that when the "divine William" talks of "our children" lying in their "cradle-clothes," one of those bairns must have at least been in a very uncomfortable position, considering that he was a bouncing young man of one-and-twenty! The "night-tripping" fairy could hardly have effected such an exchange without discovery; it may be a wise son that

knows his own father, but it must have been a very foolish parent indeed who, under those circumstances, failed to recognize his own offspring. And pray what had this unhappy subject of Shakespearean diatribe done to cause the author of his being to mourn his birth? We know nothing of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, and the rest of it; all we know and all that history teaches us is, that at this very time when Henry IV. is made to lament the shortcomings of his son, that very son was scouring Glendower's country and winning golden opinions as the lord deputy of Wales. He was not wasting his substance upon dissolute companions, but, on the contrary, as we see from his letters to the Council, he was pawning his jewels and melting his plate to pay the arrears of his troops. But *que voulez-vous?* if you have imagination, you must use it.

On the revolt of the Percies, Henry, who was then in command on the Welsh borders, formed a junction with his father, and was present at the "sorry battle of Shrewsbury." Here he behaved himself with the lion-hearted courage which was afterwards so eminently his characteristic. Though wounded in the face by an arrow, he refused to be led to the rear. "My lords," he cried, "far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my noviciate in arms by retreat! If the prince flies, who will wait to the end of the battle? Believe it, to be carried back before victory would be to me perpetual death! Lead on, I implore you, to the very face of the foe. I may not say to my friends, 'Go ye on first to the fight.' Be it mine to say, 'Follow me, my friends.'" The personal conflict between Henry and Hotspur, which is told with such dramatic effect by our great bard, has no existence in fact. Hotspur fell by an unknown hand, and his death was the signal for the flight and utter collapse of his followers. This rebellion—which had been inspired by the very man whom Shakespeare makes the king wish had been substituted for his own son—now completely crushed by the victory at Shrewsbury, the Prince of Wales returned to his original quarters to check the movements of the terrible Glendower, who was now being assisted by the French. The rebel Welsh were carrying all before them, ravaging the country, killing the inhabitants, and surmounting all obstacles, while the royal troops lacked supplies, reinforcements, and money. The letters of the prince describe the

* Henry V., Part I., Act I., scene 1.

situation of affairs. "The Welsh," he writes, or the tutor who was with him writes, "have made a descent on Herefordshire, burning and destroying also the county, with very great force, and with a supply of provisions for fifteen days. And true it is that they have burnt and made very great havoc on the borders of the said county; but, since my arrival in these parts, I have heard of no further damage from them, God be thanked! . . . I will do all I possibly can to resist the rebels, and save the English country to the utmost of my little power, as God shall give me grace; ever trusting in your high Majesty to remember my poor estate, and that I have not the means of continuing here without the adoption of some other measures for my maintenance, and that the expenses are insupportable to me." The Welsh, furnished with men and supplies from France, declined to be intimidated, and the condition of the prince became grave. "We implore you," writes this "unthrifty son," "to make some ordinance for us in time, assured that we have nothing from which we can support ourselves here, except that we have pawned our little plate and jewels, and raised money from them, and with that we shall be able to remain only a short time. And after that, unless you make provision for us, we shall be compelled to depart with disgrace and mischief, and the country will be utterly destroyed, which God forbid!" This request was only half attended to; the king, what with the Lollards, the Scotch, and the agitation created by Northumberland, had too much upon his hands to devote his whole time and substance to effectually crushing Glendower; and, as we know, the Welsh leader continued to make himself singularly disagreeable for some years after the death of Henry IV.

So far as we can gather from the scanty notices of the prince recorded by history, the young heir-apparent spent the next few years partly in his command in Wales, and partly in London. Princes are but mortal men, and as their lofty station subjects them to greater temptations than ordinary individuals, more allowance should be made for their shortcomings; we should remember not only how they fall, but also how much they must have to resist. It is not my object here to endeavor to portray Prince Henry as the most immaculate of youths, and the type of juvenile purity in thought or action. He may have led the usual life of his class and age, or he may have not; we possess no

direct evidence upon the subject. What evidence we can collect is, however, entirely in the favor of the prince, and utterly opposed to the Shakespearian view of his having been a loose, tavern-haunting young cad before he was called to the throne. His courage was high, his instincts manly, and on the few public occasions when he had to assert his position, his sense of dignity and self-respect was very conspicuous; lads of such a temperament are seldom given to low revelries. At all events, we have the following testimony to his conduct when he was a young man of nineteen. Early in the summer of 1406, the rolls of Parliament record a memorable address made by the speaker to the king, seated on his royal throne. This personage was John Tiptot, and in the course of his oration, he commends "the many excellencies and virtues" which habitually dwell in the person of the prince; he lauds his "humility and obedience" to his father, "so that there can be no person of any degree whatever who entertains or shows more honor and reverence of humbleness and obedience to his father than he shows in his honorable person;" he admits the "good heart and courage" with which his Royal Highness has been endowed, and, lastly, both he and the nation have such perfect confidence in the judgment and discretion of the prince, that his Majesty is prayed by the Houses to have him legally acknowledged as the heir-apparent to the throne. Had Henry been the boon companion of sots, the frequenter of stews, and the openly profligate son of historical comedy, the speaker, blind and servile as was the toadyism of those days, would hardly have alluded to him in such complimentary terms. Yet at the very time that history enrols this Parliamentary praise, Shakespeare, not troubling himself about premises and authorities, is making King Henry bitterly reproach his son for his vulgar debaucheries:—

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done.
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me.
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren, base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.

We think, however, we can understand how the bard has gone so hopelessly astray in his facts. When William Cobbett was attacked by a political opponent as to the accuracy of his statements, he was wont to accuse his adversary of having the wrong sow by the ear; so in this case we may accuse Shakespeare of having the wrong sow by the ear. Among the appointments conferred by the king upon his son were those of the captaincy of Calais, and the presidency of the Council. At the same time as he advanced Henry to these posts, he gave him his own house called Coldharbour, which was near Eastcheap. Here the prince frequently resided, and here he held his council. It also appears, according to Stowe, that the brothers of Henry, the princes Thomas and John, no doubt whilst on a visit to Coldharbour, sallied forth into Eastcheap late one night, when they had supped freely (the mediæval equivalent for "having dined"), and got into a brawl with the townsmen; the matter was brought before the chief justice William Gascoigne, and then taken up to the king, who at once quashed it. From this simple fact cannot we trace the workings and distortions of the poetical imagination? Coldharbour is hard by Eastcheap, in Eastcheap is a well-known hostel; at this hostel numerous brawls arise; two sons of the king were once engaged in a city brawl, *therefore* so was the heir-apparent, therefore he was a frequent visitor at the Boar's Head, and therefore he spent his youth in riotous living and all uncleanness! It is true the premises are somewhat shaky, and the deductions rather jumped at, but, as we said before, of what service is imagination unless you use it?

Nor is the venerable story of the prince and the chief justice a whit more to be credited than the rest of the Shakespearian statements concerning madcap Harry! From the well-furnished armory of Mr. Tyler, who in his now scarce book has carefully examined the evidence upon this subject, let us select a few arrows to let fly at the romancists. It is said that a favorite servant of the prince had been committed for felony, and was arraigned at the bar of the King's Bench to take his trial. Indignant at such treatment being

passed upon one of his household, Henry came down in hot haste to Westminster, where the prisoner was standing fettered at the bar, and commanded the lord chief justice at once to give orders to have the man "ungyved and set at liberty." With all dignity, yet with all reverence, the lord chief justice "exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or, if he would have him saved from the rigor of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, from the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate." This suggestion the prince declined to accept; and, rushing to the dock, began of his own accord to set the accused menial free. Sternly the judge commanded the young man to desist from his attempt and quit the court, but in vain. Henry "all chafed and in a terrible manner" turned upon the bench and made as if he would attack the representative of the law himself. The judge never flinched, but, bending forward, and raising his hand in menace, said: "Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore eftsoons in his name I charge you desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of King's Bench, whereunto I commit you; and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be further known." Abashed, the prince withdrew, and went to gaol as he had been commanded. When the news reached the king, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and in the presence of his court exclaimed, "O merciful God, how much am I above other men bound to your infinite goodness, specially that ye have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer seemably and obey justice!" Every reader of Shakespeare knows what dramatic capital the poet makes out of this incident.

Upon what authority does this story rest? It is not mentioned or alluded to in the chronicle of any contemporary, or in the parchments of our public records. If such an event ever occurred, it would have been set forth upon the membranes of our Close or Patent Rolls, but those documents are silent upon the subject. As a matter of fact, this incident is not even mentioned until Henry VIII. had

been seated upon the throne some twenty years, nearly a century and a half after the occurrence is said to have taken place. In 1534, one Sir Thomas Elyot wrote a book entitled "The Governor," which he dedicated to the king, and in which he narrates the story of "madcap Harry and the old judge," very much as I have told it. He gives no authority for his facts, he does not make a single reference to any contemporary evidence, yet compilers, with the credulity of their class, have accepted his statements as gospel, and have transferred the anecdote to their pages one after the other without a moment's hesitation or examination. Sir John Hawkins cites it in his "Pleas of the Crown;" Hall quotes it and embellishes it by making the prince strike the chief justice "with his fist on his face;" Shakespeare follows suit; Hume, who candidly admitted that he "found it easier to consult printed books than to spend my time over manuscripts," copies from Hall; and so the ball keeps rolling, and thus history is written. No wonder Sir Robert Walpole said, "Read me anything but history, for that I know is full of lies!" Such a startling fact as the committal of the heir-apparent to prison would hardly have escaped the biographers of the prince who lived a century nearer his time than Elyot. Yet Elmham, Livius, Otterbourne, Hardyng, Walsingham, and the rest, who record the pettiest events in the young man's life, are all silent upon this grave matter. The story rests, and rests alone, upon the authority of Sir Thomas Elyot; and since Sir Thomas has contented himself with describing this all-important incident without condescending to give a single reference to justify his assertion, we cannot be considered as foolishly incredulous in declining to place any faith whatever in his statement. On the accession of Henry V., Chief Justice Gascoigne was not confirmed in his post, but was succeeded on the bench by Haukford. From this fact the maligners of the prince have come to the conclusion that the new king, mindful of the insult passed upon him when heir-apparent, took the first opportunity of revenging himself by dismissing the judge. There are no grounds for this suggestion. Gascoigne had been chief justice for the last twelve years — an unusually long period in those days — and it is not unreasonable to suppose that ill-health, or a natural wish for retirement, had more to do with his withdrawal from the King's Bench than the resentment of his sovereign. That the king entertained

no ill-will to the late judge is conclusively proved by the following warrant among the public records. For on November 28, 1414, the very year after the retirement of the chief justice, we find this grant from Henry V.: "To our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne an allowance of four bucks and does out of the forest of Pontefract for the term of his life." Gascoigne died December 17, 1419, and not, as has been generally supposed, on December 17, 1413.

We have but one more charge to investigate as to the antecedents of this much calumniated royal youth. Every student of Shakespeare remembers the fine passages in the "chamber scene,"* when Henry the king is on his deathbed, and the young prince, in a hurry to claim his new honor, tries on the crown before the due moment has arrived, and is upbraided by his moribund parent for this indecent haste. Historians and compilers, basing their labors upon this incident, have narrated in their pages that during the latter years of King Henry IV.'s reign there was a feud between sire and son, the son desiring to get the power of the crown into his own hands, and being guilty of gross insubordination to his father. We have no evidence, beyond the "heedless rhetoric" of compilers, who follow one another like a flock of sheep, the most credulous of the lot being the bell-wether, for this estrangement. Upon the membranes of the public records of the realm we find nothing to justify the assertions that there were jealousies between the prince and the members of his family, that the king was alienated from him, and, finally, that the monarch became so jealous of the prince's popularity with the people, that he ended by excluding the young man altogether from the affairs of government. On the contrary, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that father and son were on the most excellent terms; that in the acts of Council the name of the prince was always associated with that of the king, that what the prince suggested was approved of by his parent, and that on the death of Henry IV. his last hours were cheered by the devotion and affection of his son. In the king's will we find him writing of the prince — the prince who had been so wilful and disorderly, and who was so greedily eager to come into his kingdom! — as follows: "And for to execute this testament well and truly, for the great trust that I have of

* 2 Henry IV., Act iv., sc. 4.

my son the prince, I ordain and make him my executor of my testament aforesaid, calling to him," etc. Year after year, from the very date when the prince was first appointed to office, down to the time of the king's death, we come across entries upon the rolls of the kingdom proving that the son was in council with his father, and enjoyed his confidence and affection. These entries, though few in number, are new; and, as they have been hunted up by me with some little trouble, their insertion here may not be out of place. At least they prove that the king and the heir-apparent were not estranged from each other:—

November 18, 1409. Grant to Henry, Prince of Wales, of 500 marks yearly for the custody of Edmund, Earl of March, and his brother.

March 18, 1410. Grant to Henry, Prince of Wales, of the house called Coldherbergh (Coldharbour), in the city of London.

March 18, 1410. Henry, Prince of Wales, appointed Captain of Calais, vice John, Earl of Somerset, deceased.

March 23, 1410. The king's officers and subjects ordered to obey the Prince of Wales as Captain of Calais.

June 10, 1411. Appointment of the Captain of Calais as conservator of the truce between England and Burgundy for the security of the merchants of England and Flanders.

May 1, 1412. Mandate from the king to the Prince of Wales, Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports, to summon the barons of the ports to provide the service of ships.

March 11, 1412. The king orders the Prince of Wales to publish the truce with Flanders.

July 12, 1412. Appointment of the prince as one of the conservators of the truce with Flanders.

Henry IV. expired March 20, 1413. Thus from 1409 to within a few months of the king's death, we find the prince associated with his father in affairs of government, and holding communication with him as one of the representatives of the crown.

"Give a dog a bad name, and you may as lief hang him," is the proverb, which not inaptly describes the youthful character of this prince. Henry of Monmouth has the bad name of history as being the wildest and most dissipated of royal youths, and therefore, until he succeeds to the throne, everything that is adverse to his favor may be credited. Yet, after carefully investigating his career, both when he was heir-apparent and when he was sovereign, we have little hesitation in asserting that he was as discreet and unimpeachable in his conduct as a prince, as

he proved himself wise and blameless when called to the throne. On the one side we have evidence that cannot be disputed as to his character, whilst on the other we have but the malice of hearsay and the situations conceived by the dramatic poet.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From The Spectator.

CATCHING COLD.

MANY great surgeons, we are told, doubt whether surgery, as distinguished from medicine, has many more triumphs to achieve. The rate of mortality from operations may be greatly reduced by new antiseptic precautions, science may discover either a cure for cancer or means of arresting its progress for long periods, and a chemical solvent for a calculus is clearly within the range of possibility; but of great triumphs for surgery, new and effective operations, it is said there will be no more. All that can be accomplished for the human frame in that way, it is said, has been accomplished. Whether this opinion is rash or accurate—and it sounds rash, for more perfect local anæsthetics, and some conceivable improvements in the concentration of light, may give the surgeon new and unsuspected powers—nobody repeats it about medicine, or will repeat it, until a good deal more has been done in the way of conquering some very ordinary ailments. The diseases which produce death, especially the infectious diseases, have been studied with wonderful attention and success; but the lesser complaints, which only take the comfort out of life—common dyspepsia, "nervous attacks," sea-sickness, neuralgia in its lighter forms, and above all "colds," have hardly been assailed, and certainly not assailed successfully. The doctors are very useful, but they have not removed or in any great degree palliated the misery of a hundred thousand households, in which, during a month like that just ended, with the thermometer racing up and down and an east wind blowing as if it would never stop, those who are "liable to catch cold" have never known a moment's freedom from annoyance, rising occasionally to positive suffering. If they are not actually suffering from "colds"—that is, from malicious little attacks, which may become influenzas at any moment, and so make life almost un-

endurable — they are expecting them, and either suspending the business of life by seclusion, or taking precautions which, five times at least in ten, are irrational, and prove to be as useless as they are burdensome. Those who suffer thus are, no doubt, only a class, the majority of the population being free under ordinary circumstances from the liability, probably through the continuous killing-out of the feeble; but still, they are a numerous class, a refined class, and very often a wealthy class, and in all those capacities they are deserving of an attention from the profession which they do not, that we see, receive. There is no question whatever connected with household hygiene upon which men of science have diffused so little trustworthy information. They have not even succeeded in creating, as upon some questions of hygiene they have done, a sound prejudice. We believe that more men understand the general principles of household sanitation than understand how to protect themselves against cold; while women, as a rule, know positively nothing about it, and after years of experience will encounter the predisposing causes with a sangfroid which will be pronounced admirable or lamentable, according to the degree of alarm which their colds create. They understand quite well that if they "get a chill" they will have colds, but they are never fully convinced that a local chill will give one, even though the general sense of chilliness is absent, and never quite believe that the escape of A, who is not liable, is no guarantee for the safety of B, who is. Men who know their predisposition will walk into the wind in warm hats, and then sit in draughts without head-covering; while women will wrap themselves up carefully in carriages, and then sit before open windows without the wraps. We have seen consumptive men carefully take off their comforters in draughty rooms, from a belief that they will otherwise be chilly in the air; they might just as well take them off for half their journey, and wear them for the remainder. Very often there is a kind of obstinacy about the matter, arising, no doubt, from the fact that general experience is no guide; just as there is an obstinate disbelief in the dogma that for the temperaments liable to cold, quinine is probably the only protecting or curing drug, and certainly the most efficacious one. People of both sexes will try anything, from brandy and water or rum and honey to colored compounds of laudanum

— of which, says Dr. Wright, in his pamphlet on the subject, most quack remedies for cough are made — rather than swallow adequate quantities of the nasty and expensive bark, which, nevertheless, as against fever, they would trust implicitly.

"Practically," a very experienced physician tells us, "there are for people with constitutional liability to catch cold just two efficient remedies, and as a rule, unless really ill, they will take neither. One is to confine themselves for forty-eight hours to a single room with an equably warm climate, and the other is to stupefy themselves with quinine. Most people reject the former, because confinement is inconvenient or irksome; and will not hear of the latter, because quinine 'disagrees with them,' or 'gives them headache,' or makes them giddy, or is 'quite too disagreeable, worse than the cold.' Consequently, they bear the annoyance or swallow rubbish, until the cold has run its course, and they are quite ready, if circumstances are favorable, to catch another." It is of no use arguing with people who hate quinine, any more than it is to lecture people who hate cod-liver oil; they either will not take it, or they take it in quantities which do them no sort of good. Perhaps, however, they may not be annoyed by a few hints on preventing colds, which they will all say they know perfectly well, but which will cause no particular inconvenience. One, which Dr. Wright puts in the forefront of his recommendations, is that a chill caught in bed is just as bad as a chill caught out of it. All parents know that little children catch most of their chills from insufficient covering, but that does not prevent grown-up persons from using a regulation quantity of blanket, without reference to a thermometer, sleeping without flannel coverings, and walking about in dressing-gowns which are neither silk nor wool, and therefore no protection against chills at all. Another is, that so far from the head not being liable to cold in a draught, it is very specially liable. The hair seems to be a better protection for the head than it is, more especially when it has begun to thin, and a down-draught on the head will give cold to those liable to it quicker than any other form of local chill. The face does not catch cold, but the skull does; partly, perhaps, because we habitually cover the head when exposed to the external air, and partly because we do not wash it with cold water, as we do the face and hands. Dr. Wright adds another reason about reflex nervous

irritability, which is, we have no doubt, sound, but too technical for us. Our ancestors, who were much more inured to cold than we are, curiously enough understood this perfectly, and in their draughty halls and passages with unglazed windows habitually wore their caps; and natives of India comprehend it, too, and if they feel a draught cover up the skull first of all; but among ourselves the bare head has grown into a superstition. The hat is put off in the draughtiest of buildings, churches, and public halls, and it is constantly laid aside on railway journeys, when, if you are facing the engine, it is really required; while to wear a skull-cap in a room is to announce either that the wearer is past seventy, or is an avowed and confirmed invalid. Half the colds endured by people over fifty would be avoided by the resolute wearing of a little cap whenever a draught was blowing, and it is always blowing towards a bright fire; and many of the remainder by remembering that, next to a down-draught on the head, a draught on the feet is, to those liable to cold at all, the most certainly productive cause. In London drawing-rooms, with their folding-doors; in country houses, with their French windows; and in first-class railway-carriages, with their open space between the door and the floor of the compartment, a draught along the floor is always perceptible, and does ten times the mischief which an open window seems to do. The true value of the rug in a railway carriage is to keep out that draught; yet the majority of people will use it as if it were a gig-apron, protecting their knees, while their ankles and legs are chilled, till they complain, as they descend, that their "feet are frozen,"—a phenomenon which they sometimes attribute to the vibration, which has partially preserved the circulation. In drawing-rooms, though folding-doors can be protected and made draught-tight for a shilling, precisely the same mistake is made, and a whole family will cluster round the fire in search of warmth, while a draught is lifting the carpet in little undulations, or, if it is too heavy, racing above it towards the fire in currents perceptible by the hand. And, lastly, not only do the head and ankles need protection, but with an immense number of those

liable the mouth and nostrils also. No part of the body is with such people so sensitive as the membrane of the nostril, which men never protect, and women protect only with a veil, often utterly useless for its purpose. It is from the gradual thickening of this membrane that habitual snuff-takers derive their exemption from head-colds—by the way, has Dr. Wright authority for his word, "the sniffles," or is it local?—and it is through the nose that horses and dogs are believed to catch their very severe colds.

We have throughout this paper repeated, rather wearily, our reserve about "those who are liable," because it is the very essence of the matter. The etiquettes of protection against cold are settled by the majority, and the majority, up to a certain age, are not liable to cold from draughts, unless they are unusually out of condition. They have healthy skins, they live habitually out-of-doors, or they are strong enough to stand the daily douche of cold water which makes those who can bear it insensible to draughts. They therefore settle that the true way of avoiding cold is to face its causes, and "harden yourself," which is perfectly true for them, and perfectly false for their victims; and they denounce all wrappings, and especially all unusual wrappings, as "effeminate," "coddling," and the like. They have extinguished the skull-cap, the woollen veil, and the "comforter," and they prevent the general resort to sandbags and india-rubber edgings for folding-doors and French windows. They "want the air," they say, and never can imagine that they may be selfish in wanting it. They have a moral popishness about them, as bad as that of the early-risers. Air, even very cold air, injures very few people indeed, though, curiously enough, the uneducated, who have only instincts and not knowledge, are of a different opinion; but currents of colder air, popularly called "draughts," do injure a minority with sensitive skins or relaxed membranes very much indeed. If the draughts could be kept off at will in a month like the one which has made Lord Beaconsfield so ill, there would be fewer victims of consumption, and a great deal less of the habitual English misery from "colds."

From The Quarterly Review.
POETS IN ACTIVE LIFE.

WE cannot conceive Homer perpetually pottering over hexameters before a comfortable fire, or eternally concocting sonnets in a garden protected from every stormy wind. Æschylus fought at Marathon, at Salamis, at Platæa, and drank in upon the battle-field the elevated sentiments of patriotism that still breathe and burn in his pages. It would have been strange if Euripides, born on the very day that saw the annihilation of the Persian fleet, and who was trained with peculiar care in gymnastic exercises, had been contented with the production of tragedies, however superlative their merits. Some have asserted that Sophocles exhibited no taste for active life; but he held a command in the Samian war. Dante, so long as domestic faction left him liberty of choice, devoted himself with so much zeal to the political service of Florence, that, when it was suggested he should go on a certain embassy he used the memorable words, "If I go, who will stay? Yet if I stay, who will go?" The life of Chaucer was an unbroken series of public services. He was a soldier, an ambassador, and an official servant of the crown. He fought in the French wars under Edward III., and the tradition runs that it was during his diplomatic mission to Genoa that he heard from the lips of Petrarch, himself the busiest of politicians and the most energetic of ambassadors, the touching story of the patient Griselda. Even the poet's poet, as he was called, the gentle Spenser, the friend of Sidney and of Raleigh, combined with the composition of the "Faerie Queene" the duty of secretary to the queen's deputy in Ireland; and his zeal as a public servant was rewarded with the grant of an estate of three thousand acres in the county of Cork. There he wrote his "View of Ireland," still as fresh and as true as on the day it was written, and there the lineal ancestors of the Land League "Boycotted" the poet by burning his house to the ground, and leaving his youngest child to perish in the flames. Lope de Vega, the chief ornament of the Spanish stage, was dedicated by his parents to the service of the Church, but he was evidently of opinion that heaven might wait; for though later in life he donned the habit of St. Francis, and at the age of seventy-three administered to himself so severe a scourging

with the discipline that the walls of his cell were bespattered with his blood, he had previously served as a soldier against the Portuguese and as a sailor against the English, in the expedition of the Invincible Armada. He had lampooned several distinguished persons, and run one of them through the body by way of satisfaction, to say nothing of his having written, at the highest computation eighteen hundred, and on the lowest, fifteen hundred dramas. Calderon, who had already achieved considerable poetic distinction both at Salamanca and Madrid, at the age of twenty-four voluntarily entered the army, and conducted himself with valor both in Italy and the Netherlands. Camoens lost an eye in a naval engagement with the Moors in the Straits of Gibraltar; and his own life was almost as epic as his "Lusiad." Milton was not only the friend but the adjutant of Cromwell; a violent and incessant politician; nor did he dedicate himself unreservedly to the composition of "Paradise Lost" until, having "fallen on evil times," he could no longer serve his country. Byron, as we have seen, was not content merely to write of Italy or to sing of Greece. He plotted for the one, he perished for the other. Even the airy Shelley suspended his communing with the clouds to scatter seditious pamphlets in Ireland, and interrupted his dialogues with the Ausonian Sea to conspire with Carbonari and to promote the cause of Italian liberation. Clearly none of these primary spirits kept perpetually muling and puking in the muse's arms. They were men of action as well as men of thought and sensibility. They were *esprits fins*, but they were likewise *esprits forts*. To find poets who are only poets we must search for examples in a less elevated sphere; the elegant Gray, the correct Pope, the blameless Wordsworth. Goethe is the one seeming exception; and he is the one exception that proves the rule. His indifference, more affected than real, to the political fortunes of his country during the period of its bitterest trial is an eternal stigma upon his genius; and his attempt to erect his unworthy conduct into a law of life for men of letters raises a strong suspicion that he was conscious of his perversity. In any case, it is in vain that minor men of literary genius would shelter themselves behind a principle he failed to justify by his argument or to ennoble by his conduct.